

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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By Pierre Berton

The Truth About De Bernonville





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EDITORIAL

DEATH OF A DIPLOMAT

IT STILL ISN'T clear whether the Canadian diplomat Dr. Hugh Keenleyside talked himself out of a job or not when he snubbed the German banker, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, at a recent public reception in Indonesia. Our hunch is that he did. Dr. Keenleyside has been variously employed by the government of Canada and by the United Nations and both these organizations must have been seriously embarrassed by his inability to pretend, as all good diplomats should, that anyone who is not a current, active and declared enemy must perforce be treated as a loved and trusted friend. So far neither Canada nor the UN has reacted nearly as violently as the government of Indonesia, which has closed its borders to the man who wouldn't shake the hand that shook the dice for Hitler. It's probably a safe assumption, nevertheless, that Dr. Keenleyside's career as a diplomat has not profited from the incident.

Without questioning the inevitability of this, we find it hard to suppress a shudder of regret for a world so out of joint that a man who lets his principles run away with his judgment almost automatically begins to look silly and even a little dangerous. We see nothing at fault in Dr. Keenleyside's principles; in a simpler world, no man of principle would be expected to think twice about shaking hands with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.

But principle, which most of us have been taught to believe is the one sure guide to fall back on in times of confusion and moral doubt, now appears to be the least reliable guide of all. The best we can hope to do, it seems, is to retain enough of principle to elevate our affairs as individuals but not too much of it to imperil our affairs as nations. The resulting Balkanization of principle—certainly next to and perhaps including the physical dangers he faces—must be the greatest danger assailing modern man.

How shall it be possible to raise any child born within the last decade to the belief that right is right and wrong is wrong? If such mature and experienced people as diplomats cannot safely agree who are the Good Guys and who are the Bad Guys, and refrain from shifting their definitions as regularly as the seed companies put out their new catalogues, how can the kids be expected to aim straight with their wooden six shooters? There's a young hero at our house who once was a Good Guy named Ivan and went around drilling holes in a Bad Guy named Fritz. We're glad he wasn't old enough to start reading the papers before he put that bloodthirsty nonsense behind him. We could probably explain to him why Ivan has become a Bad Guy, but we wouldn't relish the task of explaining why Fritz has become at least an apprentice Good Guy, any more than we relish the task of explaining to ourselves why such part-time Bad Guys of our own as Franco, Tito and Hirohito are now queueing up for milk and cookies along with Good Guys of greater seniority.

We're fairly certain that Dr. Keenleyside isn't the first diplomat who has resented and rebelled against the admission of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht to the Good Guys' side. As a diplomat he probably ought to have submerged his feelings and done the job of a diplomat: roughly speaking, to butter up his nation's enemies and badger his nation's friends. If his inability to do that job has harmed his career the least thing he is entitled to is understanding. As for the bigger question raised by his conduct—whether we can really arrive at a good world by closing our eyes to embarrassing matters of principle—that is less simple.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1951



His First Job

Sure, he got his first job on his own. But his warm personality . . . the good manners and sincerity of character that impressed his new employers . . . were fostered and encouraged by the sound training and example he got in his home from his parents.

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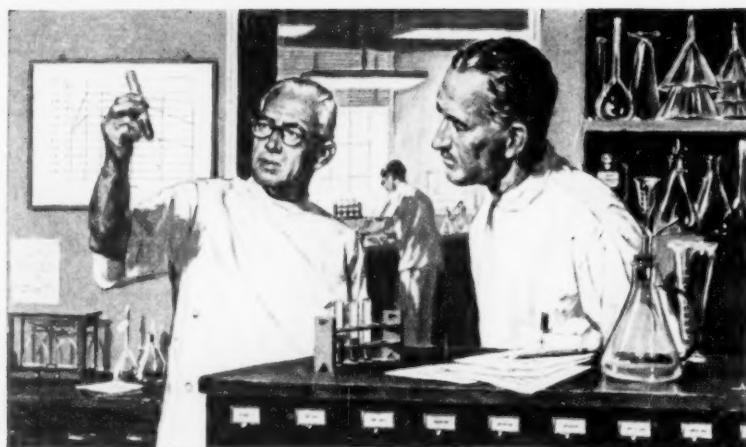
For her children's successes are the fruits of her wise guidance and training. Their qualities of good character and good citizenship are formed and moulded in the happy home surroundings she provides. And these qualities of good character and good citizenship extend through her children to benefit Canada now and for years to come.

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The Doctor looks at Diabetes

It is estimated that there are many thousands of people in our country who have diabetes . . .

Their chances of living happy, useful lives are better today than ever before. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic is now double what it was before the discovery of insulin.

Moreover, the outlook for still further gains against this disease is good, as medical science is constantly improving the treatment for diabetes. New types of insulin, for example, have made possible better control of this condition. Hope for future progress lies in current research on insulin and on utilization of food by the body.

Doctors say, however, that the successful control of diabetes more than ever depends largely upon the diabetic himself, who must understand his disease in order to learn to live with it. Above all, he must cooperate closely and faithfully with his physician in keeping *insulin, diet, and exercise* in correct balance.

Today, the patient who carefully follows the doctor's instructions about these three essentials of treatment—as well as other measures to maintain good health—can usually look forward to many years of happy living.

Doctors stress the importance of learning the symptoms of this disease. They are: *excessive hunger, excessive thirst, excessive urination, continual fatigue, and loss of weight*. Although these symptoms may indicate well-established diabetes, prompt and proper treatment can usually bring it under control. Indeed, many patients live as long with diabetes as they would be expected to live without it.

However, there are a great many people in our country who have diabetes, but do not know it . . .

This is because the disease usually causes no obvious early symptoms. Yet detection is easier today than ever before. For instance, it is now possible for anyone to make a simple test at home to detect sugar in the urine—one of the signs of diabetes.

This test is also a routine part of most medical examinations. If the test is positive, the doctor can then make additional tests to determine whether the presence of sugar is due to diabetes or some other condition.

Authorities urge everyone—particularly those who are *middle-aged, overweight, or who have diabetes in the family*—to have a check-up for diabetes included in regular physical examinations. In this way, the disease can be discovered early when the chances of successful control are best—often by diet alone. It is especially important for those who are overweight to be on guard against this disease, as studies show that 85 percent of diabetics over age 40 were moderately or markedly overweight before the onset of the disease.

LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Back from his Middle Europe tour, Baxter looks into a brighter future.

The Writing On The Kremlin Wall

SO THAT was Europe and this is England! It is strange after twenty-five hundred miles of motoring on the Continent to get on the English roads where almost no one blows the horn and motor coach drivers courteously signal when it is safe to pass. It was stranger still, returning just before the election campaign, to see a huge sign just as you leave Dover which read:

**HOW THE SOCIALISTS
CAN HELP THE WORKERS
RESIGN!**

Apparently no one sponsored it, and no one interfered with it. The sign might have grown of its own accord as far as one could tell. At any rate it was good to be back in a country where toleration still exists. The undulating meadows and the winding roads were as gentle as ever, although the dim lighting of London when we reached its outskirts was depressing after the glittering brilliance of Paris.

Well that was that. Now I want to set down a picture of the future, for I talked with many men of experience in Europe, and it seems to me that the glass is not as misty as it was before.

One of the men with whom I talked was a German politician who, I think, is destined to play a significant part in the development of Central European policy. He was surprisingly frank, not only about his own country but about Russia where he lived for many years. "You must remember," he said, "that Stalin is an old man and he is not a Communist."

I think you will agree with me that this is not a bad opening sentence to a conversation. When he saw that I did not wholly accept his statement he went on: "Stalin must die, and

never in history has one dictator been followed by another."

"What about Stalin following Lenin?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Lenin was not a dictator. He created the rule of the Party so that no major decision could be taken without a majority approval. Lenin was a genius who believed that under the rule of a single party with no opposition Russia could be dragooned into a discipline which would be maintained by organized domination. When Lenin died Stalin began at once to undo practically everything his predecessor had brought about. I saw it happen with my own eyes."

He was perfectly serious. One might think from his words that he was just tossing ideas in the air to show a sophistication above other men, but it was no such thing.

"Stalin," he said, "decided to create a personal dictatorship on the model of Napoleon's, Mussolini's and Hitler's, with the Communist Party as his slave and not, as with Lenin, his master. No one near him was allowed to have any limelight. The victorious generals of the war were rusticated. Only Molotov was given a prominent position because he is everything the Russians dislike—prim, precise, inhuman, a bloodless official chained to his desk. Otherwise, no one!"

Then he went on to describe how the vast propaganda machinery of the Soviet set out to tell the people that Stalin was all wisdom, all glory, all goodness and all achievement. Poets were mustered to pay gushing tributes in verse, composers wrote symphonies which they proclaimed as being inspired by his greatness. School children sang songs about him and the printing press eulogized and glorified him in every issue.

"He did not mind the churches reopening," my German friend said, "for he had made himself the God of Russia. But, my friend, Stalin will die. *Continued on page 64*

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

THE GRITS WRITE OFF ONTARIO

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WITH an Ontario election this month, a Quebec election next year, it's evident that federal Liberals have written off both the big, rich central provinces more or less permanently. They have no hope of beating either Leslie Frost and his Progressive Conservatives or Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale, and they don't bother pretending otherwise.

So far as Ontario is concerned, many federal Grits are quite cheerful about it. "There are definite advantages," said one, "in having a competent well-behaved opposition government in power at Queen's Park. In many ways it makes things easier all round."

Frost's government is both competent and, in Ottawa's view, well-behaved. He and Prime Minister St. Laurent have got on famously ever since they took office within a few months of one another. Both men were determined to end the feud their predecessors had conducted so bitterly (Frost, in particular, made no secret of his belief that George Drew's implacable hatred of Mackenzie King had been a political liability).

For the Ontario Liberal leader, Walter Thomson, federal Liberals have no great fondness. At the Ontario convention which elected him he was opposed by the Ottawa machine, in spite of the fact that he had himself been a backbench MP since 1949. Since then his chief appearance in the limelight came last spring when Progressive Conservative questions brought out the fact that Walter Thomson had got more out of the Treasury in legal fees than any other lawyer in Canada. All

told, he'd got more than three hundred thousand dollars.

What with one thing and another, therefore, the Liberal Government in Ottawa is happier dealing with the present PC Government in Toronto than it would expect to be if, by some miracle, Leslie Frost were defeated.

Nevertheless the more far-sighted among Liberal strategists are disturbed about Ontario. They know it's never a good thing, for a politician, to have the voters voting for another party. It tends to be habit-forming. (That, incidentally, is also the reason why these same Grits are unhappy about losing by-elections. For all their big majority, they're afraid the PC recoveries might develop into a trend.)

Defeat is discouraging to party workers, too. Organizers and poll captains are the same people whether the election be federal or provincial, and a drubbing in 1951 will take away some of their spunk for a federal campaign in 1953. Besides, many of them are bound to be loyal friends of the local provincial candidate. If they think Ottawa has let the local boy down there will be vengeful bitterness as well as disappointment among them.

For these reasons, Ottawa can't abandon Walter Thomson to his fate without a qualm. He has been running his own campaign, laying down his own policies (often at variance with St. Laurent policies) and to a large extent raising his own money. But, as the fight warms up, Ottawa will have to move in and support him.

Luckily for everyone's sensibilities they won't have to do much in the way of *Continued on page 81*



The Federal Liberals can't work up any hate for Ontario's Tory incumbents.



JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of
M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS"
and DICK POWELL, co-star of
M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

"My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping our trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands."



"He takes the furniture apart, just to refinish it. I help, but afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion.
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"I discovered that Jergens Lotion doesn't just coat my skin. It penetrates with a softening moisture."

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DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOUR CITY

In forty-three years Toronto has paid five sets of planning experts to tell it what's wrong with the city — and taken no notice of any of them. So its traffic, residential and industrial headaches have grown from bad to worse till now it's a hopeless jumble of thirteen governments bickering like Balkan states, most of them fighting the one step that's necessary to start repairing the damage. Here's a dramatic lesson for the other fast-growing Canadian cities who seem to be in danger of following Toronto's horrible example

TORONTO has probably had more books, articles, poems, plays and gags written about it than any other city in Canada. It has been praised, panned, pitied and ridiculed. Its public transportation has been called the continent's best, its gloomy Sundays the continent's worst. But the real story of Toronto is much deeper than its veneer of gags and clichés.

For every citizen of every city and every big town in Canada the real Toronto story is one of grim and vital urgency. Many of Canada's small cities and big towns will be big cities of tomorrow and Toronto has an important lesson for all of them.

Toronto is a particularly hideous illustration of all that can be bad about urban living. It is

Canada's, if not the continent's, best example of how *not* to build a city.

In fact, those very terms "build" and "city" are misleading distortions as far as Toronto is concerned. For Toronto isn't a city, but thirteen cities piled haphazardly on top of each other like a child's stack of wooden blocks; and it wasn't "built" with the methodical planning that that term implies, it just grew . . . and grew . . . and grew some more. It grew with no orderly plan for handling its central whirlpool of traffic, with no provision for expansion when its area became filled and congested as inevitably had to happen, with no thought of the downtown parks and squares that would be so urgently needed when green fields and countryside became pushed miles away. It com-

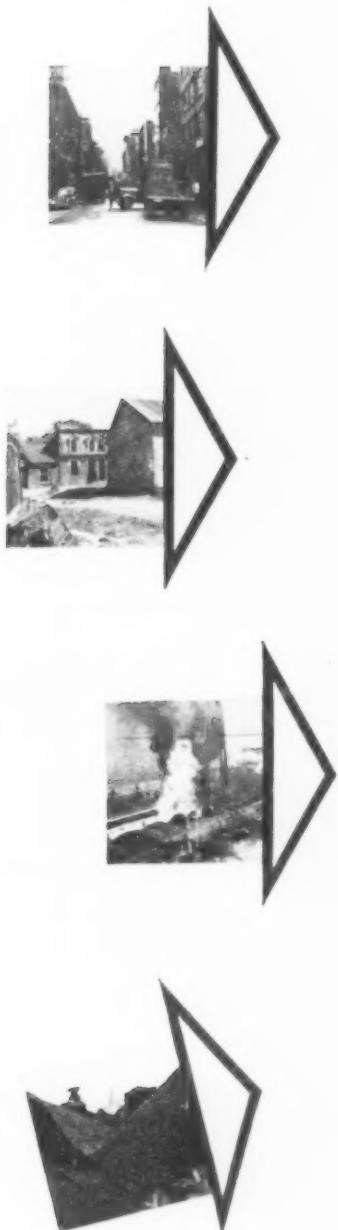
placently permitted a stifling slum to eat into its heart.

Toronto's century-long accumulation of ills now has the city and its bickering family of suburbs deadlocked in a bitter judicial feud on the question of amalgamation. The battle at the moment appears to have only one possible outcome a shotgun wedding of city and suburbs with the provincial government calling the tune and holding the gun.

The feud over whether a jumble of twelve suburbs will continue to manage their own little households on Toronto's doorstep, or whether they will all join hands with the city and together correct the woes of an unplanned, haphazard, too-rapid growth, has flared periodically for twenty-five

By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL AND PETER CROYDON



DE BERNONVILLE



De Bernonville (right) with friends at Dorval in August when he finally left Canada for Rio.

**HEADLINES EXPLODED FOR THREE YEARS AROUND THE
EXPLOSIVE FIGURE OF JACQUES DE BERNONVILLE,
WANTED BY A FRANCE THAT SENTENCED HIM TO DIE
AS A TRAITOR, UNWANTED BY A CANADA THAT
FOUND HIM TOO SHREWD AND WELL CONNECTED TO
GET RID OF. HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, MACLEAN'S
TELLS WHAT HE DID IN FRANCE AND HOW HE
STAYED SO LONG IN CANADA**

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

ON AUGUST 17 last a fifty-four-year-old French nobleman with iron-grey hair, strong bullet-scarred features, erect soldierly bearing and a diplomatic air of composure, fled from Montreal to Rio de Janeiro after telling newsmen at Montreal Airport at Dorval: "I love Canada and I love Canadians."

The compliment was received coldly by most readers for no other foreigner had ever caused such a bitter legal, political, racial and religious furore in this country as Count Jacques Charles Marie-Noel Duge de Bernonville.

In France De Bernonville stands accused of hunting, arresting, torturing and murdering a number of his own countrymen in the Resistance movement that fought the Germans during the Nazi occupation and the struggle for liberation. He has been sentenced to death *in absentia* on counts of having had constant intelligence with the Germans from 1940 to 1944.

Yet, while thousands of other Europeans were denied admission to Canada solely on the grounds of ill-health, De Bernonville, who entered the country under a false passport, found shelter here for five years.

For at least four years of his stay De Bernonville had various well-paid jobs, lived comfortably in a small but smart apartment on Montreal's Côte-des-Neiges Road, and was surrounded by friends who called on him in cars, one of which was a late-model Cadillac. For a part of the time he enjoyed the company of his wife and four daughters who also entered the country on the strength of false passports.

The story of how he won and held these benefits

while national immigration tribunals, Quebec law courts and even the federal parliament itself probed and argued his right to them is one of the most bizarre in Canada's recent history.

De Bernonville arrived in Montreal in 1946. Until June 1948 when he coolly admitted illegal entry and asked for permanent lawful residence he lived under the name of Jacques Benoit. Although the RCMP refused to confirm this for security reasons there is a strong suspicion that he had obtained and used the passport of a Jacques Benoit who lost his life on a secret Allied mission to France during the war.

From the beginning the Canadian Department of Immigration was satisfied that De Bernonville should be returned to France in accordance with the wishes of the French Government, which promised him a retrial on the charges under which he stood sentenced to die. Officials of the Immigration Department had access to documents which showed that De Bernonville had been a member of the Waffen SS, a German auxiliary formation which worked closely with the Gestapo, and recruited members from occupied countries. De Bernonville, according to these documents, had also been instrumental in raising five separate combat groups of French volunteers to fight the Allies on the German side. These officials had also read sworn affidavits from members of the French Maquis who declared they had been tortured under the supervision of De Bernonville.

Twice the Department of Immigration issued deportation orders against him. Twice these orders were blocked by writs of habeas corpus obtained in the Quebec courts. The complex legal wrangling,

interrupted by long postponements of hearings, lasted three years, cost the Canadian taxpayers thousands of dollars, and left them bewildered as to why so much fuss should have been raised in the first place over a man who was not only sought by the courts of a friendly country but who admitted entering this country by unlawful methods. A legal decision on whether he was entitled to sanctuary here as a political refugee was still pending when he decided to quit Canada for more certain refuge in Brazil.

Throughout his stay in Canada De Bernonville was championed by influential Quebec nationalists led by Montreal's Mayor Camille Houde, who dubbed him "an authentic French hero." He was presented by his supporters as a victim of French Communist vengeance. They said the court which convicted him in France was manned by Communists. It was set up, they said, in times of post-war ferment and exposed to testimonies distorted by hot political passions. Far from helping the Nazis, said Frédéric Dorion, KC, another of De Bernonville's backers, "he fought them tooth and nail though cloaked in Vichy disguise."

Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, who was then Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, the department formerly responsible for immigration, said, however, that De Bernonville was a "notorious collaborator who was responsible for the deaths of members of the Allied forces, probably including Canadians."

The dispute divided French-speaking Canadians among themselves and did much to corrode relations with English-speaking Canadians. It also gave offense to the government of France.

When De

Continued on page 49

DOCUMENTS PROVE THE COUNT'S ASSOCIATION WITH THE NAZIS



In the Chasseurs Alpins he fought for the Allies until France fell.

Paris den 15. Mai 1944

Unteroffizier der Waffen-SS

"BERNONVILLE"

Amt 593 B.....

durch Mitteilung des Waffen-SS-Verbandes Bernonville vom 12.5.44 ist die Anstellung
geboten wohnhaft in
am 20.5.44 antraten worden.

Uhrzeit 1900/45

Untersturmführer Dienstgrad 1
Unterscharführer

A card issued by the German Waffen SS lists Count de Bernonville as a volunteer in 1944.

COMPTOIR MONSIEUR NEDEY A LA GESTATION
LE 20 JUIN 1944 PAR LE GROUPE DE MILITIA D'ALAINAY PAR LE MUNICIPAL

Le sieur De Bernonville devrait nous rappeler l'identité de tous ses gens Ici.

Le Bernonville installe à son bureau ce se salissant pas, ni se fatigant pas à nous faire une réponse également, et après un moment il nous envoie le nom de l'intervenant, les critres suivent les suivants : Interruptions, faisons le parler, parlez, arrêtez, continuons, vous avez interdit à parler et tout sous faire, je suis pressé et n'ai pas de temps à perdre, toute l'énergie que j'ai n'a plus rien à rivaliser avec la mienne, mais je suis dans l'obligation de faire ce que je veux, des coups de pieds sur le ventre, je paruis les corps contre le mur, mais lors leurs étravoye, en plein fouet un coup à l'estomac et je cours vers ma entraille, j'allais sans interruption n'importe quel temps, jusqu'à ce que je fuisse relâché sous des coups de poing, lorsque tout à coup, il me donne un coup de poing au visage, lorsque tout à coup, il me donne un coup de poing au visage, je pourrai résister quelques secondes, je sens un coup magistral à la machine qui va filer le maximum, au niveau droit et je crois que quelqu'un écrit à l'écriture pour leur faire plaisir.

Le Bernonville réagit toujours de la même façon à l'étranger censé empêcher, les officiers, généraux comme de Bernonville ont pu trouver asile et nos, les protection pour faire la Résistance ou minimiser l'action de celle parachutée et pendant les années d'occupation.

Carrefour devant le verrouable

l'ordre
vers 11
réalisé

Signature : Nedey Maurice
Signed : NEDEY Maurice
22 Avenue de la Gare

CHALON-SUR-SAONE

Maurice Nedey gave this sworn testimony about torture he suffered on De Bernonville's orders.

Deutsche Reichsbahn

Der Waffen-SS-Pionier

Proprietor

Attno. 6-7/5

Abonnement zur Abwehrzeitung

As de Bernonville

Das ist die Periode:

Adressat Diese Adresse und Zeitschriften von Abwehrzeitung werden Ihnen

gezeigt und abgeschaut werden von:

Importante de la nachstehende Bernonville Ihren Unterlagen zeigen einige Schäden bestätigt noch nicht abgeschaut haben.

Die Abwehrzeitung wird bei der nächsten Fassung des Belegschafts in Abrechnung

in Abrechnung:

23 FEB 1944

This Waffen SS document had De Bernonville's wife listed as payee for his family allowance.

ANSWERING THE CALL

Editions A. Fertig AG, Innsbruck

La Gouvernance offre à l'entité de la Nation :

M. de Bernadotte (Charles-Louis-Marie-Noël), chef de corps de la franc-garde permanente de la milice française, pour les motifs suivants : chef militaire très brillamment énergique. A fait preuve dans les nombreuses opérations de maintien de l'ordre auxquelles il a participé en Haute-Savoie, dans le Vercors et en Saône-et-Loire, d'un courage calme et réfléchi qui lui avait déjà valu pendant les deux dernières guerres les plus glorieuses citations. S'est particulièrement distingué en secteur d'Orléans où, se trouvant isolé avec des faibles forces, il est parvenu, grâce à son énergie, à contenir des déclamations rebelle très supérieures en nombre et à rester maître de la situation.

Paul A. Stachy, Jr. &女儿 1993.

Document 2.6.5

This clipping from the official journal of Vichy commends De Bernonville for his work as a district chief of the Milice in suppressing resistance by the Maquis.



This photo was taken in Paris when De Bernonville was raising troops to fight the Allies in North Africa. Stamp above shows that the photograph was passed by the German censors.



With dyed hair and in dazzling dress, actress Aimee read from this monster Bible at 1931 mass meeting.



Lawsuit expenses beset Aimee in 1937 so her fervid followers helped, some even giving personal jewels.



Aimee (left) and her mother, who forbade her to go on the stage. Below: Dave Hutton, one of Aimee's three husbands, meets some New York chorus girls.



AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON:

HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE JAZZ AGE

As a tawny-haired teenager at Ontario's Ingersoll Collegiate she won a gold medal for dramatics; in her fantastic Angelus Temple in Los Angeles and all over the world she held thousands spellbound as she preached a gaudy salvation. She made a fortune from her religious recipe of "incense, nonsense and sex appeal" and died after an overdose of sleeping pills

By DOUGLAS DACRE

IN THE giddy Twenties and the ominous Thirties the most flamboyant evangelist on this continent was Aimee Semple McPherson, who was born on a farm near Ingersoll, twenty miles east of London, Ont. She summoned her faithful to prayer with all the artifice of a carnival impresario, using painted choir girls, golden trumpets, scarlet robes, syncopated hymns and, in her own frank words, "incense, nonsense and sex appeal."

While other churches were half empty on Sundays Aimee's fantastic Angelus Temple in Los Angeles was filled to its fifty-three-hundred-seat capacity seven days a week.

Attendance reached its zenith in 1926 when bobbed hair, short skirts, bathtub gin, necking in rumble seats, foxtrotting, movie-star scandals, stunt aviators and heavyweight champions had distracted most of the Western world from religion. On the eve of her death in 1944—after the war had kept her out of print for five years and she was fifty-four—Aimee's hypnotic personality still drew ten thousand people to an open-air Bible meeting in Oakland, Calif.

Aimee first heard the lusty hymns of revival at the age of three weeks when her mother took her to a Salvation Army "jubilee" in Ingersoll. All through childhood the "blood-and-fire" philosophy of General Bramwell Booth enveloped her, though this old evangelist would never have recognized Aimee's later interpretation of the Scriptures any more than he would have approved her conduct.

Aimee hesitated once at a crossroads which might have led to a career on the stage but she chose the quicker medium of evangelism to vent a spiritual fervor which eventually was warped by the turbulence of her histrionic talents and her insatiable thirst for an audience.

At twenty-two she was beating up and down the United States with a shabby car, a tattered tent and a bronchial portable organ, dragging along two tiny children by different fathers, and her mother, the famous Ma Kennedy, whose influence dominated her life.

So sensational were Aimee's meetings that after ten years on the sawdust trail she reached a rainbow's end under the impious sun of Hollywood where she was immediately enshrined as the most gorgeous, tempestuous and prodigal siren ever to have grown rich on Holy Writ.

In her gaudy career as a hot gospel singer Aimee showed a flair for publicity, a spellbinding presence which threw her listeners into hysterics, and an uncanny sense of timing with the collection box. She hit front pages by scattering religious tracts from airplanes, calling on fight fans to repent from the boxing ring, converting prostitutes in local brothels, interrupting dance-hall revels in the name of Jesus and inviting incurables to test her powers as a healer.

From Los Angeles to London, England, from Winnipeg to Wellington, New Zealand, from Montreal to Melbourne, Australia, and from Jersey City to Jerusalem, she preached the virtues of purity while she herself drank champagne, wore Paris fashions, got her face lifted and dyed her hair. For thirty-five years she pleaded for universal brotherhood but threw her own daughter out of the house.

Three husbands entered her life, each to depart with cruel alacrity within eighteen months. She could attract thirty thousand people to a single gathering yet she never made a genuine friend. Even though Aimee Semple McPherson earned more than a million dollars she died comparatively poor.

In her heyday she was a handsome vibrant and magnetic personality. Although her ankles were a fraction too thick, her body a trifle too broad and masculine, she was full and high in the bosom and radiated physical appeal. Her hair, sometimes piled up on top, was a tawny chestnut color. Her eyes were brilliant and provocative. Her skin was as smooth as the petals of a creamy tulip. When she smiled her wide full red mouth bared splendid teeth. And in profile her nose was patrician.

A thousand sermons, delivered on street corners, under the big top and *Continued on page 75*

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1951



Gaudy costumes, stunts, planned hysterics chilled and thrilled Aimee's thousands of disciples. Inset: the tomb she chose in 1934, ten years before she died.



By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

ALBERTA OIL:

The Boom That Ran Away From Home

ONE DAY LAST YEAR a traveling Texan dropped in on Jack Oberholtzer, Alberta's Deputy Minister of Industries and Labor. Just looking around, the visitor said; heard you folks had an oil boom. He chatted awhile and then went away. A day or two later he telephoned. "You people don't realize what's going on here," he said. "In my home town they'd know—they've seen it before. But you Canadians don't know what's happening in your country."

Eastern Canadians certainly don't. It'll be five years in February since Imperial Oil's Leduc discovery set the Alberta boom rolling, five years in which the oil industry alone has poured seven hundred and fifty million dollars into western Canada, five years that have established the Canadian prairies as a major oil field of the world. Toward these developments the financial powers of eastern Canada have maintained a calm that resembles paralysis. Control of Alberta's natural resources, and the profits thereof, have very largely passed into American hands.

Alberta has oil, coal and natural gas, the ingredients of a chemical industry. A year ago an American firm sent out a group of its top men from New York to look the situation over. They stayed a few weeks, went back to New York, three months later announced plans for a new chemical plant that will cost at least fifty million dollars and may run to a hundred millions if a contemplated expansion is carried out.

Long before that a Montreal firm had sent out two technical men to make a careful survey. They spent six months in the field, then went back east and spent another six months writing an exhaustive report. Their principals in Montreal have been studying the report for a couple of years. They may eventually decide to build a chemical plant in Alberta, but so far they are still trying to make up their minds.

In the years of oil exploration before the Leduc discovery a small

sound Canadian oil company ran out of working capital. They sent their best man east to try to raise a couple of million dollars, so they could keep on looking for the oil they felt certain was there.

He still feels bitter about that trip. He remembers, as all too typical, his interview with two leading eastern financiers. One said, "My boy, if I were thirty years younger I'd be into this thing with both feet." The other looked out the window and didn't say anything. The westerner went home empty-handed.

"Easterners have forgotten what private enterprise means," a Calgary businessman said. "They don't want to take chances, they aren't interested in venture capital. They'd rather sit on their foam-rubber chair pads and clip the coupons off gilt-edged securities."

An Edmonton man, born in Montreal, put it even more bluntly. "I grew up in the east and I know what they think of us," he said. "They never think of the west at all except as a dumping-ground for out-of-date merchandise."

Figures seem to bear him out. It's impossible to sort out the interlocking ownerships and "farm-out" deals in the oil industry itself, but most people in either government or business in Alberta agree that the Canadian share of the oil development itself is something between ten and twenty percent. At the very highest estimate it's only forty percent: of the \$215 millions being spent on exploration and development this year more than \$132 millions is direct investment by United States companies. Probably \$60 millions more will be spent by Canadian companies owned and controlled by parent firms in the U. S.

The Eyesore in Edmonton

Whether these latter companies should be classed as Canadian or American is a moot point. Imperial Oil, the father of the Alberta oil boom, the company which had faith enough and patience enough to spend twenty-three millions on one hundred and thirty-three dry holes before Leduc came in to justify its faith, has only seventeen American citizens among its twelve-hundred-odd employees. Imperial's tremendous investment in the Canadian west (now around a hundred millions for that firm alone) has been Canadian money, Imperial earnings in Canada or investment by Canadians. Men who work for Imperial become indignant when their company is described as "the Canadian subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey."

However, Standard Oil of New Jersey does own sixty-nine percent of Imperial Oil stock. Control rests with the American company, and control is the heart of the matter.

You can argue, though, that American domination of the oil industry proper was inevitable, even desirable. Americans have the technical experience in the field which Canadians lacked. Even if Canada had had the money (which it hadn't) it's doubtful if Canadian capital could have developed Alberta oil so quickly and profitably.

These excuses, even if they're valid for oil itself, certainly don't apply to the secondary industries which have been flocking into Alberta in the last couple of years. In 1951 about one hundred million dollars are being invested in Alberta industries other than oil. The big Celanese chemical plant accounts for half that sum, but it also includes a flock of smaller enterprises. Of the hundred-million total only six millions are Canadian.

On an average, since 1947, about a hundred delegations of prospective industries call each year upon the Alberta Industrial Development Board (an agency of the provincial government) for guidance. On an average, fifteen of them represent Canadian firms—and they are not the fifteen likeliest prospects.

These are things the Albertan likes to throw up to a visitor from eastern Canada, and they're fair enough indictments. But the easterner can make some awkward points about Alberta, too. Even the natives don't seem to know they have a boom out there.

Hon. A. J. Hooke, Minister of Economic Affairs, some time ago began a series of industrial surveys of smaller Alberta communities. When his surveyors came to the town of Camrose, they had a particular industry in mind, a candidate who offered to bring a considerable chunk of investment and employment to whatever community he chose.

Camrose didn't want it, and regarded the survey as an affront.

"We don't want any new industries," the city fathers said. "The town is big enough now."

Camrose has since relented and asked for a survey, but the Camrose attitude is not unique. Within the last year a city councilor of Edmonton, the hub and capital of the oil boom, told reporters, "I hope the city won't grow any more. We're outgrowing our public utilities."

I was in Edmonton in 1948, two months after Redwater No. 1 had proved beyond a doubt that Edmonton is the centre of a vast oil field. When I returned this fall I saw that in spite of a considerable amount of new building, Edmonton today is the same frowsy-looking town.

One of Edmonton's eyesores is the municipal market place. "I'm ashamed every time I drive a visitor through it," said a member of the Alberta Government, "but you can't avoid it, it's bang in the middle of town."

Last year Edmonton had a chance to get rid of that eyesore and it wouldn't have cost Edmonton a penny. A New York firm, which

Alberta offers the opportunity of a generation for venture capital but Canadians still sit back cautiously studying reports while more imaginative Americans pour in millions. At present we have no better than a twenty percent stake in our own major oil fields but there's still plenty of room on the ground floor

makes a business of this kind of thing in cities across the continent, offered to build a civic centre in that big vacant space, in return for a tax concession over a period of years. The investors would get their money back out of renting office buildings and store space around the community centre; at the end of a stated period the whole thing would be sold back to the city at an agreed and reasonable price.

There was nothing unsound about the scheme; it was carefully investigated by conservative Edmonton businessmen and members of the Alberta Government. However, some neighboring property owners got the idea (probably quite rightly) that their property would diminish in value by contrast with the bright new buildings. They organized a campaign against the scheme and managed to defeat it in a referendum. And so, the eyesore is still there—bang in the middle of town.

The All-Canadian to Oregon

Alberta will soon be authorizing the "export" of natural gas—by "export" Albertans mean any sale outside the province. Caution in preserving an adequate supply for Alberta's own needs has prevented this up to now, but, with new gas reserves being discovered every week, permission to export is sure to come before long. The Government has already announced its policy: Alberta's gas is to serve first Alberta, second, the rest of Canada, third, the United States.

Until very lately it has been taken for granted that any gas pipeline would have to go to the U. S. to find a market worth serving. Furious arguments in parliament, when Canadian pipeline companies were applying for charters, focused on the issue of "Canadian" versus "non-Canadian" routes. It was seldom explained that even the "Canadian" route led to Seattle, and that at least eighty percent of its gas would be sold in the states of Washington and Oregon.

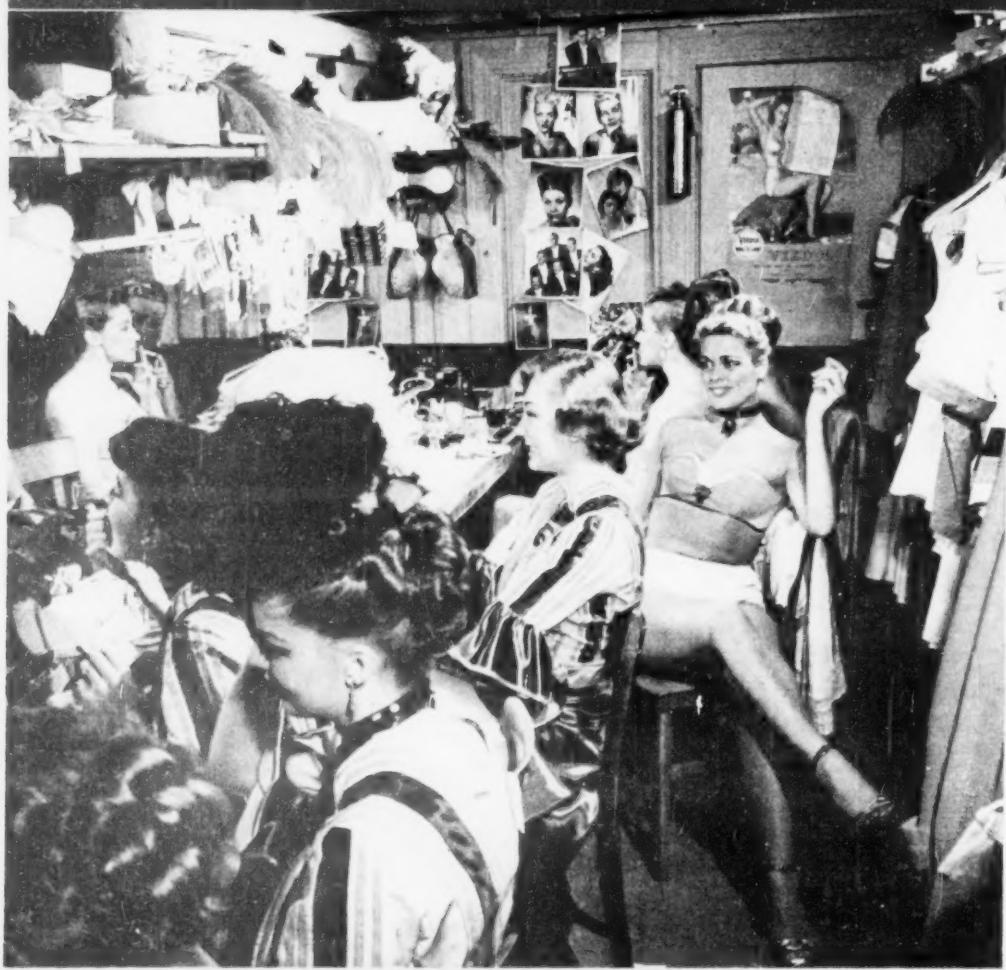
Canadians all took it for granted that Alberta gas could not be brought eastward to the big Canadian

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MONTRÉAL'S



A fast and clever floor show built around the most fetching chorus line in the country has made the Bellevue Casino into Canada's big



Chorus girls are usually American, but Montreal-born Lola Scully (knees crossed) won place in current Casino show.



At the first night of every new show the Bellevue brass watch from the balcony. Clockwise: Publicist B. Taylor, agent Miles Ingalls, producer Natalia Komarova, George Komarov, Joe Krassler and owner Holmok.

Madame Komarova's handsome cancan line is a surefire hit. Left to right: Gladys Tyrell, Olivia Huston, Johnny Mack.

By KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAQUES

THE MOST successful night club in Canada is a swarming neon-spangled barn of a place called the Bellevue Casino which has consistently managed to choke its main floor and balcony with seven hundred customers, night in and night out, since it opened in downtown Montreal two and a half years ago.

The Bellevue is a phenomenon in the city's night life. It has little claim to personality, yet among Montreal's two dozen first-class night clubs and seventy second-floor bistros it is the only one that can boast a Saturday night line-up to rival the movie queues. People actually stand out in the weather for the privilege of eventually sharing a tiny table with strangers to enjoy an hour's fast-paced entertainment, quaff a couple of beers and get out.

The Bellevue's success lies in the fact that it presents the best floor show in town for the lowest average tab. The management admits the average patron leaves behind about a dollar and eighty cents. The admission price is fifty cents first half of the week, one dollar the rest of the time. That means you can take your girl out for an evening at a night club for well under five dollars if you choose the Bellevue. In its first year of operation almost half a million people went through its twin glass doors, paying close to a million and a half dollars to Harry Holmok, the bull-headed Hungarian proprietor who thought it all up.

Holmok is the active partner in a two-man ownership, and two wise decisions he made early in the game have paid handsome dividends. One was to keep the prices down to bargain levels. The other was to hire Natalia and George Komarov to produce the floor shows.

The Komarows are experts at the fast-paced noisy kind of show that Holmok likes. They met each other while fleeing

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Chorine Johnny Mack gossips in the Bellevue's dressing room, waiting for the "on-stage" call. Girls of the line get eighty dollars a week.

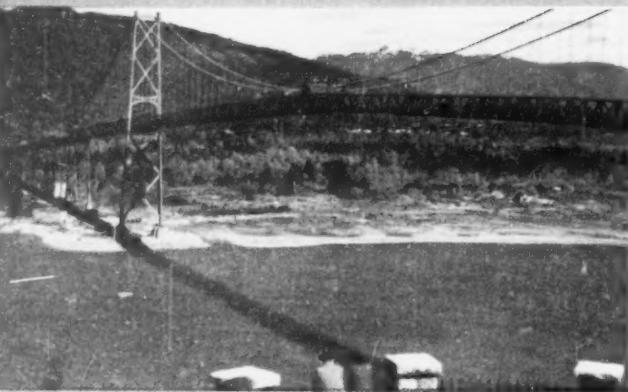


Between shows, bandleader Bix Belair (light suit) plays chess with trombonist R. Helmky. Showgirl Marie Autry helps "dress" the show.

ada's biggest money-maker. Yet a guy can give his girl a big time out in Harry Holmok's brassy bonanza for under five dollars



HOW SUPERLATIVE CAN A CITY BE?
VANCOUVER SIGHS AND WONDERS



Lions Gate Bridge spans the Narrows. Its web of delicate steel makes Vancouver hearts glow.



The University of B.C. sits in its own fine forested peninsula and admires the sea view.



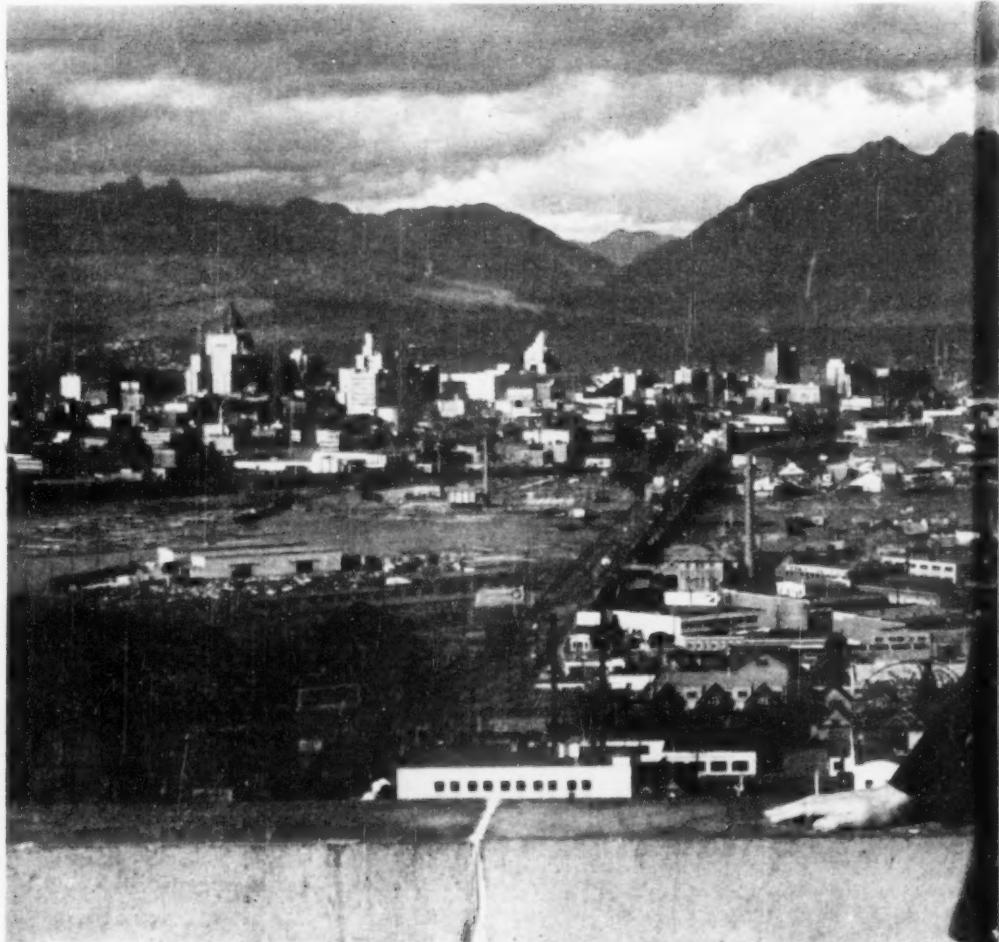
Off Kitsilano Beach yachts bob gently on the blue water while Vancouverites sigh deeply.



In Stanley Park, a stone's throw from city's streets, roses bloom in December, they say.

Everybody loves
Vancouver, and,
what's more,
they love telling
you so with
clichés that are
almost believable

THE GREAT VANCOUVER LOVE AFFAIR



Mayor Hume, rose in buttonhole, stands proudly at the balustrade of the white City Hall.



Susan and Gabriel Gyarmaty of Budapest looked the world over, chose Vancouver.



Erika Tobler, whose father is the Swiss consul, is delighted by handy mountains.



Harry Duker always wears totem ties, wants to reintroduce Indian motif to city.



Leo Sweeney, exuberant booster, wears tropical gear to laud city's climate.

There's something about this city that turns normal people into Chamber of Commerce touts. Even Queen Elizabeth said she'd never seen anything like it. And if a man should leave Vancouver for the moneyed wasteland over the mountains he remains in love with her for life. Just like

PIERRE BERTON
Maclean's Article Editor

PHOTOS BY FILION

THE LOVE AFFAIR which the citizens of Vancouver have with their town is a beautiful thing to see. Before it, Tristan's passion for Isolde pales and Dante's infatuation with his Beatrice seems pretty shabby. It is probably the most enduring mass honeymoon in history. It has been going on for sixty-five years and involves half a million people. This does not count the other half million who have moved from Vancouver.

Everybody loves Vancouver. Its streets are worn thin by the martial tramp of thirty-two million dollars' worth of American tourists, lured there each year by the soft warm breezes from the Tourist Association folders. Vancouver has everything. Garfield Weston, the biscuit king, moved there announcing he liked the rain. Clarence Harmon, of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, has just dealt that institution a body blow by moving to Vancouver because he likes the view. A Venezuelan engineer moved up last spring to get away from the sun. Forty thousand prairie people (known in Vancouver as "prairie drivers") have made the city their home to get away from the snow. Nobody paid much attention to them until a cigar-chewing Edmontonian named Bill Rae started playing cowboy music on his radio station and promptly made it the most-listened-to station in the city.

Few visitors are permitted to leave this paradise without having wrung from them some confession of its virtues. Everybody from the surveyor general of Tasmania to the Queen of England has praised it. The Tasmanian, early in the century, said he'd seen no European city to compare with it. The Queen, gazing upon it from the mountains of the west shore in 1939, cried, "We have never seen anything like it. This is the place to live!"

Just this year a lady log salesman from California proclaimed Vancouver "the most wonderful spot in the world." T. P. O'Connor, the Irish journalist, said it had "the finest scenery on the continent." Lord Northcliffe, the British publishing magnate, said he'd "never seen a city in which great future is so plainly written in the present." And Richard Neutra, the famous architect and town planner, who saw it on a rainy day, said it had the "finest setting of any town in the world, next to Rio de Janeiro."

"We have a hell of a time with superlatives around here," says Ralph Daly, a Vancouver editorial writer. "Everything has to be the biggest in the world. If not that then the biggest on the continent or the biggest in the Empire. If not that the biggest in Canada. As a last resort the biggest in B. C. or maybe the biggest on the lower mainland."

Even the brickbats about Vancouver are on a grand scale. In Jan. 1949 a young artist from Montreal who tried to kill himself left a note calling Vancouver

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Phil Stroyan, wife and dog, walk seven miles around Stanley Park every Sunday.



Lawren Harris built where he could see the coastal mountains he loves to paint.



Raghbir Singh Basu walks in UBC grounds with Diane Livingstone. He's from India.

THE FIRST FULLER BRUSH MAN

Alf Fuller, a rawboned Nova Scotia boy, got fired from his first three jobs so he set up a fifteen-dollar machine in a basement, started cranking out brushes and, on the side, invented the foot-in-the-door salesman. But he's never laughed at any of the Fuller-Brush-Man jokes which helped him sweep up millions

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAQUES

FORTY-SIX years ago a rawboned youth from a Nova Scotia farm who was seeking his fortune in Boston wrecked a streetcar, forgot to currycomb a rich widow's horse, and left an important parcel at the wrong address.

After these misadventures had cost him his first three jobs he decided to be his own boss so nobody else could fire him. He installed a fifteen-dollar machine in his married sister's basement and became a manufacturer. This was the beginning of a success story, for his name was Alfred Carl Fuller. His product was brushes.

Today, at sixty-six, Fuller sits at the top of the brush heap, benignly supervising the operations of his international organization. His ledgers, when he glances at them, reveal an exceedingly satisfactory annual turnover of thirty-eight million dollars'

worth of brushes, brooms, mops (wet and dry) and other prosaic household items.

And his best-known contribution to the North American scene, the Fuller Brush Man, is solidly established as the prototype of the brash and indomitable door-to-door salesman. The sixty-six hundred Fuller Brush Men in the United States and the twelve hundred in Canada ring six doorbells a second, eight hours a day, and if you live in an average community one of them will call at your home at least twice in the next twelve months.

With tenacious courage and smiles that are invincible to corns, bunions, fallen arches and insults, they lug their twenty-one-pound sample cases through every city, town, village and hamlet between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Mexican border and the Arctic circle.

They approach imposing mansions and unpainted shacks with the same friendly persistence and the same have-a-free-brush technique. Many carry dog biscuits as a free gift offer for hostile mastiffs. They have been known to help housewives plant flowers, paint walls, bathe babies. They have extinguished fires and assisted the stork, and one of them saved an infant's life by whacking it on the bottom until it disgorged the coin that was strangling it. Another chased a fox from a chicken coop.

In Pennsylvania a Fuller Brush Man sold mops to two traffic cops who stopped him for speeding. In Texas one was arrested for violating a bylaw. At the courthouse he paid a fine of two dollars and fifty cents, pointed out that the floors were dirty, and convinced authorities that they should invest fifteen dollars in brooms, mops and scrubbing brushes.

But the gold medal for persuasiveness is claimed by the Fuller Brush Man who popped up at Hyde Park, New York, in the late 1930s and got a thirteen-dollar order from President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Fuller, who started it all, muffed an opportunity to duplicate the accomplishment of selling brushes to the chief executive of the U. S. A. - He had to interview President Harry Truman on behalf of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. As he emerged from the White House reporters buttonholed him to ask whether he had sold Truman any brushes.

"No, darn it," he smiled. "I forgot my sample case."

Fuller, referred to as "Dad" by a total of sixteen thousand people who produce and market his wares, has few of the attributes you would expect to find in the creator of the Fuller Brush Man. Most of us think of a supersalesman as a gay, devil-may-care, rock-ribbed extrovert who laughs, drinks and smokes too much, wears flashy clothes, splurges when he has money, and has an endless store of jokes, mostly on the smutty side.

The Bicycle Beats the Buick

In contrast with this image Dad Fuller is quiet, solemn, dignified, mild-mannered. He chuckles, but is never jackknifed by uncontrollable laughter. He looks guilty, like a youngster caught doing something he shouldn't do, if he slowly sips a single glass of beer or one small Scotch drowned in water. He doesn't smoke, even his sport clothes are conservative in color and cut, and when he hears a joke it goes in one ear and out the other.

There are hundreds of gags about his salesmen but Fuller pays scant attention to them. Perhaps one of the reasons is because of his preoccupation with religion and metaphysics; for a quarter of a century he has been a Christian Scientist and most of his reading is Christian Science literature.

Another reason is that the jokes strike him as not being true to life. There is one, for instance, about a boy who answered a Fuller Brush Man's knock. "Mom's out," he said, "and Pop can't see you because he has a sore back." The Fuller Brush Man: "Tell

Continued on page 57



Yarmouth, N.S., doesn't even turn to look when Dad Fuller goes pedaling on an errand for his wife. Though he's many times a millionaire, he likes to cut the lawns for his mother-in-law.





*When the fear of the unknown
swamped the boy
he blindly sought some place
to hide
— a place where
a kid's
got a right to cry*

The Rebellion of Young David



By ERNEST BUCKLER

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS

THERE ARE times when you can only look at your son and say his name over and over in your mind.

I would say, "David, David . . ." nights when he was asleep—the involuntary way you pass your hand across your eyes when your head aches, though there is no way for your hand to get inside. It seemed as if it must all have been my fault.

I suppose any seven-year-old has a look of accusing innocence when he is asleep, an assaulting grudgelessness. But it seemed to me that he had it especially. It seemed incredible that when I'd told him to undress he'd said, "You make me!" his eyes dark and stormy. It seemed incredible that those same legs and hands, absolutely pliant now, would ever be party to that isolating violence of his again.

His visible flesh was still; yet he was always moving in a dream. Maybe he'd cry, "Wait . . . Wait up, Art." Where was I going in the dream, what was I doing, that even as I held him in my arms he was falling behind?

He called me "Art," not "Dad." The idea was: we were pals.

I had never whipped him. The thought of my wife—who died when David was born—had something to do with that, I guess. And a curious suggestion of vulnerability about his wire-thin body, his perceptive face, so contrasted with its actual belligerence that the thought of laying a hand on him—well, I just couldn't do it. We were supposed to *reason* things out.

Sometimes that worked. Sometimes it didn't.

He could reason, as well as I. His body would seem to vibrate with obedience. His friendship would be absolutely unwithholding. "You stepped on my hand," he'd say, laughing, though his face was pinched with the pain of it, "but that doesn't matter, does it, Art?" Sometimes you can't see people's hands when they stick them in the way." Or if we were fishing, he'd say, "You tell me when to pull on the line, won't you, Art . . . just right *when*."

Then, without any warning whatever, he'd become possessed by this automatic inaccessible mutiny.

I'd get the awful feeling then that we were both lost. That whatever I'd done wrong had not only failed, but that he'd never know I'd been trying to do it right for him. Worse still, that his mind was rocked by some blind contradiction he'd never understand himself.

Continued on page 36

**GOVERNMENT
INSPECTED
HORSE
MEAT!**

Sirloin Tips	43c
Per lb.	
Sausage	35c
Two styles....lb.	
Waffle Steaks	37c
Tenderized ... lb.	
Round Steak	35c
Minced lb.	
Pot Roast	37c
Round lb.	
T-Bone and New York Steaks	43c
Round Steak	37c
or Roast..... lb.	

**TENDER, YOUNG
MONTANA COLTS**

MONARCH

MEAT CO.

VANCOUVER



Unless the horsemeat boom slows up we'll have eaten all our surplus horses by 1956. White horses are lucky: skin pigment spoils their flesh.

HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A

By JAMES BANNERMAN

WE CANADIANS have always been proud of our standard of living and, in our pride, we've tended to look down on Europeans for their willingness to use thrifty substitutes. But now it's different. We've not only had to get down off our high horse. We've started to eat it.

Early this year the price of beef, which had been rising slowly and steadily ever since the war, climbed to the point where prime cuts cost ninety-five cents a pound in some places and tenderloin ran to \$1.40. Those were the going prices in Edmonton last spring when a couple of butchers named Moore and Ferguson opened the Pony Market—the first shop in Canada ever licensed to sell horsemeat for human consumption.

The new store did a land-office business in horse sirloin steaks at thirty-five cents a pound, top quality roasts at thirty-six, ground steak at a quarter, and even the finest tenderloins at forty cents. With prices like that, pioneers Ferguson and Moore couldn't lose.

As I write this so many others have followed their lead that there are about fifty horsemeat shops in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Quebec, with still more on the way.

Ontario has one horsemeat shop in Cornwall; Toronto and Hamilton and several other Ontario cities are considering whether to follow suit.

The federal government has no objection to the sale of horsemeat for human consumption anywhere in this country provided certain conditions are complied with. Otherwise regulation of sale is entirely up to provincial and municipal authorities. The federal government requires, under the Meat and Canned Foods Act, that eating horsemeat sent from one province to another must come only from horses slaughtered in a special establishment—one which mustn't slaughter any other kind of animal and which must be under the inspection of the Federal Department of Agriculture. Under the Food and Drugs Act any eating horsemeat sold in any form in Canada must always be plainly labeled as horsemeat.

What provincial and municipal authorities do about horsemeat varies from place to place. At the provincial level, Alberta and Saskatchewan have special laws governing its sale and so far they're the only provinces that have. If and when the rest get round to passing laws of their own, it seems likely they'll follow the basic requirements

of the laws of Alberta and Saskatchewan—that horsemeat for human consumption must be federally inspected and approved, that it can't be sold in stores that sell any other kind of meat, and that restaurants which serve horsemeat or any dish containing it must state that fact clearly on the menu.

Brisk Business in Dobbin Brisket

Municipal authorities can either control the local sale of horsemeat by passing bylaws to regulate it, or prevent it by refusing to grant licenses to sell it in their communities. Sale of horsemeat in Montreal City is prevented by a 1917 bylaw which states that only horsemeat killed in a municipal abattoir may be sold. Montreal has no municipal abattoir. But an ex-car salesman named Paul Poirier is doing a brisk business in four horsemeat shops situated strategically at Montreal's four main bridges just outside the city.

The reason for careful inspection of horsemeat applies equally to beef and pork and lamb—or for that matter any meat. Like hogs and steers and other animals, horses are subject to diseases—



A HORSE?

Thousands of Canadians are. And new fully licensed shops are opening by the dozen to serve them. Even many people who can afford the soaring price of beefsteak have discovered that Old Paint is tender, tasty and half the price



The pioneer outlet for table horsemeat in Canada is this spick-and-span shop in Edmonton. Now there are shops in most of the central and western provinces.

tuberculosis for example which make eating it dangerous to health. And the reason horsemeat has to be plainly labeled is that it's enough like beef to make fraudulent substitution easy.

The color is usually a deeper red than darkens quickly with exposure to the air. The fat is a darker yellow than beef fat, there's less of it, what there is has a softer texture, and it doesn't appear in the lean meat like streaks in marble the way fat does in good beef. Because horses have more of a sugarlike substance called glycogen in their systems than cattle, horsemeat tends to have a sweetish smell. Some veterinarians insist all these differences are so marked anyone ought to be able to recognize horsemeat with great ease, or at any rate be sure it isn't beef. But other veterinarians claim it's virtually impossible to say which is which without making tests in a laboratory.

It isn't possible to give more than an estimate of the amount of horsemeat Canada's licensed horsemeat shops are selling between them because so far there are virtually no official figures to go by. But it seems probable the total might be up around two hundred tons a week. Montreal's Paul Poirier, for instance, is selling about 625 pounds a day in each of his four shops. In Manitoba's two horsemeat shops—one in Winnipeg and the other in adjacent St. Boniface—about 3700 pounds are sold each week.

Besides this brisk legitimate trade there's a flourishing black market. Horseleggers are understandably secretive about their business, which is to sell horsemeat as beef to respectable but unsuspicious retail butchers, but federal, provincial and local health authorities in the Toronto area told me in October—at which time the sale of horsemeat wasn't licensed there—that anywhere from five to fifteen or twenty tons of illicit horsemeat were coming into the city every week. And there's little or no reason to suppose horseleggers aren't operating in plenty of other Canadian cities, too.

Europeans, and particularly Frenchmen and Belgians, eat millions of pounds of horsemeat every year. But contrary to popular opinion over here they don't cherish it for its own sake, and those

who can afford beef don't buy horsemeat. On the other hand those who have to eat horsemeat don't regard it as a hardship by any means. And most Canadians who have started to eat it since it's been on the domestic market seem to feel the same way.

Considering how we used to snoot horsemeat, and that Canadians are well up among the most conservative eaters on earth, it's strange there hasn't been more reluctance to try this novelty. Some people have been pretty tentative about it, like the Vancouver woman, one of the first horsemeat shoppers in that city, who practically begged the butcher to assure her she'd like it. But two months after it first went on sale in the Best Bi food shop in Vancouver, the Best Bi and its rivals had around ten thousand satisfied customers and were getting others by the hundreds every week. And it's the same story everywhere else it's sold.

Cheval Cutlets for the Carriage Trade

The price makes horsemeat attractive to former beef-eaters with strictly limited budgets. Horsemeat prices last month ranged from 43 cents a pound for sirloin tip in Vancouver's Monarch Meat Co. (which imports its meat from Montana) to 75 cents a pound for sirloin in Montreal (meat shipped from the Co-operative Horse Processors plant at Swift Current, Sask.). But butchers who expected to get practically all their trade from people in the lower income brackets, and especially foreign-born Canadians accustomed to eating horsemeat back home, have found they're also doing plenty of business with customers from the two-car-garage set. And since economy isn't the main attraction of horsemeat for such well-heeled folks it's obvious they really like the taste once they've tried it.

In the light of an experiment made a week before Vancouver's first horsemeat shop opened last June, that isn't surprising. Mrs. Margaret Henderson, director of the modern kitchen department of the Vancouver Daily Province, fried two steaks topped with onions and served *Continued on page 45*



Can you tell it from beef? The Vancouver Province ran a test and Rusty Putnam, like most staffers, flunked.



HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE



By Ex-Detective-Inspector
W. H. THOMPSON

WHEN I first went to work for Winston Churchill as his personal bodyguard—a position I held throughout the Second World War—it was with real trepidation. In the first two or three months I found it difficult to be at ease before his brusque, demanding manner. But every day I came to understand him better and it did not take me long to realize that I was working for a warm, affectionate personality.

His humanness constantly shone or glowered forth, according to his mood. One thing he simply cannot stand is whistling. When, some time after becoming prime minister, he moved from the Admiralty to the Annexe of No. 10 Downing Street he issued a firm instruction against whistling in the corridors. Many a time I have been given a sharp order to dash out of his room and warn some offender. One Sunday morning he was sitting up in bed working when the sound of loud whistling came through the windows from the Horse Guards Parade. Mr. Churchill said to his secretary: "Open the window and tell that man to stop his noise." And he was most indignant at her obvious reluctance to interfere with an unknown member of the public on a public highway.

Another time the Prime Minister was walking along King Charles Street from Downing Street. Approaching him from the other direction was a boy of about fifteen, hands in pockets, whistling loudly and cheerfully. When the boy came near, Mr. Churchill turned his head and said in a sharp stern voice: "Stop that whistling!"

The boy looked up at the Prime Minister with complete unconcern and answered: "Why should I?"

"Because I don't like it and it's a horrible noise," growled Churchill.

The boy strolled on, and then turned to call out: "Well, you can shut your ears, can't you?" And with that he resumed whistling at full blast. Mr. Churchill was completely taken aback and for a moment he looked furious. Then as we crossed the road into the Foreign Office yard he began to smile. Quietly he repeated to himself the words, "You can shut your ears, can't you?" and followed with one of his famous chuckles.

This was the same Winston Churchill who at one of the busiest and most trying periods of the whole war was accosted by a stranger as he walked up Downing Street. I darted forward to intercept

the other man but the Old Man waved me aside: "May I speak to you, sir, on a personal matter?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, go ahead," replied Mr. Churchill.

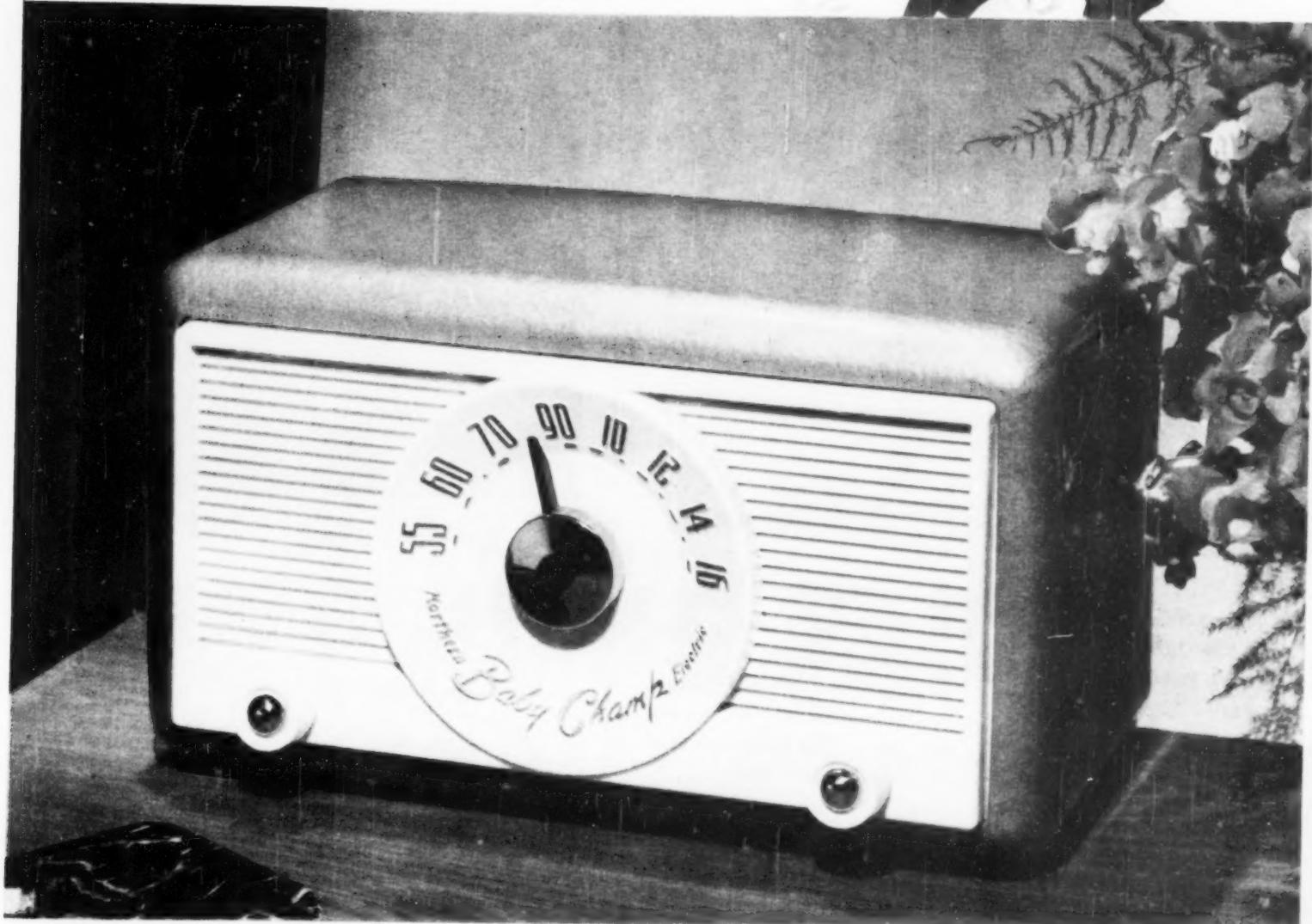
"I feel that I am entitled to an army gratuity, but I am unable to get any satisfaction at all from the authorities. They say that I failed to sign a paper when I left the service that gave me the right to lodge a claim. Is there anything at all that can be done to help me get my rights? If you can't help me, nobody else can."

Winston said, "I shall most certainly look into this. Give your name and address to the officer here and I shall have the whole matter investigated. You might write to me, mentioning that you have spoken and be sure to send full details."

After the man had turned away Mr. Churchill remarked: "You know, Thompson, please don't keep these people away from me. It is often the only chance they have of getting their cases some attention."

This incident passed from my mind until about eighteen months later I paid my aunt a visit at Brighton. The first thing she said to me when I entered the house *Continued on page 41*

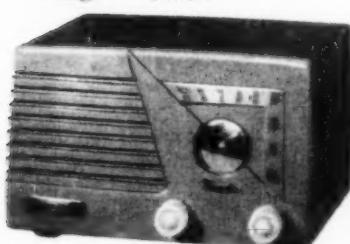
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Panda — sensational '51 set — ideal personal 'pet' . . . in Turquoise, Brown or Ivory. Phono-Jack and Switch.



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An eye-catching beauty—the 1951 Baby Champ. Available in six breath-taking colours—Green, Blue, Ivory, Rose, Brown and White. Modern Speedometer Dial . . . Powerful Miniature Tubes . . . Phono Jack and Switch . . . Longer Built-in Aerial. Tonal-Designed for better listening.

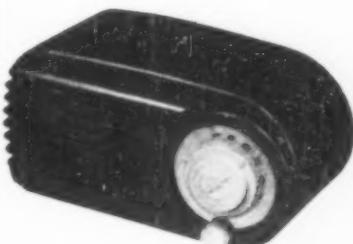
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Yes—he'll be a man—ready to take up life's serious obligations and make his own way in the world.

What better start in life can you give him *NOW* than a Junior Security Policy issued by the Dominion Life.

Insure your young son or daughter now for, say \$1,000. You pay a "Baby" Premium of less than \$1 a week. Then, when your child reaches the age of 21, the amount of insurance payable becomes \$5,000 (5 times the original \$1,000)

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And note this—

The increased protection at 21 from \$1,000 to \$5,000 is automatic—no medical examination is required. Come what may, your child is still insured for the increased amount.

Your child will have an "Estate" of \$5,000 for Financial Protection of his loved ones and the basis of a pension if he lives to Retirement age.

Ask the Dominion Life man in your neighbourhood now—or mail the Coupon—for details of this "Junior Security Plan". You will be surprised at its low cost and its many benefits.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The Dominion Life Assurance Company, Dept. 2M, Waterloo, Ontario.

Please send me further particulars about your new "Junior Security Policy" for age.....

Name.....

Address.....



IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Montreal's Ken Johnstone, bemused by Bellevue Casino beauties, seems to have forgotten which end of his pen does the writing.

HITLER indirectly helped Ken Johnstone, who writes about Montreal's Bargain Night Out on page 17, to sell his first magazine article. Ken was beaten up by Nazi bully boys one night in Berlin in 1934 and the story of what happened started a journalistic career which has made Johnstone one of the best-known magazine writers in the country.

He suffered no real ill effects from the beating except, he recalls, "Overnight I became an expert on German politics and economy."

For the last two years he has been personal manager for Fridolin's English version of *Ti-Coq*. He thinks Fridolin is one of the greatest actors of the generation and still thinks the play would have been a big hit on Broadway if it had been supported by a strong financial setup. This spring he returned to free-lance magazine writing.

The Johnstones now live at St. Marc sur le Richelieu, near Montreal, with a boxer dog, Nicky; a kitten, Minnie; a budgie, Jose, which can and does say "Jose is a fathead."

ERNEST BUCKLER (The Rebellion of Young David, page 23), who runs a small farm near Bridgetown, N.S., tells us nothing much has happened to him since he last appeared in the magazine. Life is going along pretty much the way it was when he won the

first prize of \$1,000 in the 1948 Maclean's fiction contest for Canadian writers.

Blair Fraser, just back from a flying trip to the Alberta oil field where he gathered the material for *The Boom That Ran Away From Home*, on page 14, paused long enough to make a few speeches before he took to the air again. This time he was returning to England to take another ringside seat at history in the making as the British people went to the polls.

THE COVER



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE has just returned to his studio in Montreal from a swing through Western Canada making sketches for Maclean's covers. He spent some time on a ranch where he was the only dude for miles, and farther north in the same fabulous Province of Alberta saw his first oil well. He went on to the coast where Vancouver sat for this portrait.



Dry skin. "Noxzema is ideally suited to my skin," says Audrey Looby of Vancouver. "It's such a help in controlling dryness . . . makes a wonderful protective make-up base—a soothing overnight cream. I use Noxzema daily."



Sensitive skin. "I have sensitive skin," says lovely Jan Bergquist, "and tried the Noxzema Home Facial for a roughened condition. It helped so much, I'm a confirmed Noxzema user, now. It's especially helpful as a powder base!"

NEW HOME FACIAL

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS... or your money back!

**4 Simple Steps
developed by a specialist
help bring new skin beauty**

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer and smoother, so much fresher, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial, developed by a skin specialist. In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women!

See how it can help you!

With this Noxzema Home Facial, you "cream-wash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless*, natural-looking powder base . . . the aid of a *medicated* overnight cream that helps heal blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin.

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar to Noxzema, Toronto—and get your money back.

Save $\frac{1}{3}$! Get your jar of Noxzema Skin Cream today—while you can get the big 6-ounce jar for only 98¢. You'll save one-third over smaller sizes!

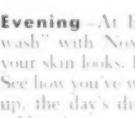
**Follow this easy Home Facial as an aid
to a lovelier-looking complexion!**



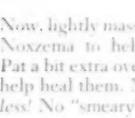
Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless*, invisible film of Noxzema holds make-up beautiful and at the same time helps protect your skin all day long.



Evening—At bedtime, "cream wash" with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks. How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless*! No "smeary" face or pillow!

What Others Say About Noxzema



Mrs. Dorothy Stellings, of Toronto, says: "I have very oily skin, but greaseless Noxzema actually helps relieve this. It's helped my skin look softer, smoother, clearer . . . and 'cream-washing' with Noxzema is such a mild way to cleanse!"

Marion Brown, of Halifax, calls Noxzema a "wonder cream"! She says: "After using Noxzema a short time, it helped clear up a blotchy skin condition—and improved the appearance of my skin so much. Now I'm never without Noxzema!"



SAVE $\frac{1}{3}$
ON NOXZEMA skin cream
BIG 6-OZ. JAR **98¢** Limited time
only
At any drug or cosmetic counter



Notice how the reversed direction of the alternating jaspé linoleum tiles gives a "basketweave" effect — pleasing, restful — and having the practical advantage of obscuring any dust marks before the next cleaning. This floor is composed of Dominion jaspé linoleum tiles J-722. Ask your dealer for illustrated literature and laying instructions.

ARTISTRY *these smart Dominion* with linoleum tiles

COMBINE the practical advantages of linoleum and the artistic advantages of texture-patterns and colour blendings possible with tiles and what do you get? A floor like the one above — of Dominion linoleum tiles which offer the perfect combination of qualities for the modern home.

Yes, today's woman wants beauty in her floors, but she wants efficiency, too. With Dominion jaspé linoleum tiles, she achieves this in an up-to-date way.

For today's home is built around "time-economy", as well as beauty. For a floor that's easy to walk on and easy to clean — a swish of the mop does the trick. For less floor-work with more floor-appeal, choose Dominion jaspé linoleum tiles. Your dealer has a wonderful selection of "decorator" colours. He will be glad to show you how easily anyone can lay Dominion Linoleum Tiles.



Dominion jaspé linoleum tiles come in regular and "bias-cut" squares and in triangular shapes.

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Beautiful
Resilient
TIME-TESTED

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BRIGHT VICTORY: The rehabilitation of a blinded ex-soldier (movingly played by Arthur Kennedy) is narrated with power and tenderness, although one or two of the incidents seem contrived. It's a picture that leaves a good taste in the mouth without using too much sugar.

CATTLE DRIVE: An almost plotless but quite pleasant little outdoor yarn about an arrogant rich kid (Dean Stockwell) and the amiable cowboy (Joel McCrea) who helps to promote him to the rank of human being.

HAPPY GO LOVELY: The Edinburgh Festival offers a fresh background for an otherwise routine Hollywood musical. Vera-Ellen, David Niven and Cesar Romero manage to be fairly lively in the cast.

NATURE'S HALF ACRE: Walt Disney's third wildlife short is just as delightful as Seal Island and Beaver Valley. Not a cartoon, but an open-air movie in color, it deals with birds and insects and the mysterious counterbalances of nature. Highly recommended for all the family.

PEKING EXPRESS: A violent but slow-moving melodrama about intrigue and ideological tussles in modern China. With Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet, Edmund Gwenn.

PEOPLE WILL TALK: Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz has put enough smart dialogue and mature philosophy into this garrulous comedy-drama to make it an item worth seeing. In my opinion, though, it's not nearly as good as his 1950 product, *All About Eve*. The principals include Cary Grant as an unorthodox college physician, Jeanne Crain as a girl "in trouble" whom he

marries, and Hume Cronyn as his baleful persecutor on the faculty.

A PLACE IN THE SUN: A further reminder is in order, I trust, regarding the superlative merits of this poignant drama, one of Hollywood's finest.

THE RAGING TIDE: A confused and uneven crime story about a murdering racketeer (Richard Conte) who finds a hide-out and eventual regeneration on a fishing boat. Also on hand are Charles Bickford, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally.

SATURDAY'S HERO: According to this blistering exposé of commercialized college football the only amateur sport left in America is hopscotch. John Derek often seems somewhat girlish for his role as an exploited campus athlete, but the film is expertly put together and packs a wallop.

THE STRANGE DOOR: A short story by Robert Louis Stevenson has been turned into a wild-eyed mellerdrammer so corny that it is sometimes quite hilarious. Charles Laughton and Boris Karloff are the chief bloodcurdlers, and Sally Forrest is the frightened heroine.

THIS IS KOREA: A documentary about the fighting in Asia. Hollywood's John Ford supervised the editing. Some of the battle shots, in color, are tremendously persuasive, but the film suffers from a banal and patronizing script and a narrator so folksy that every moment of silence becomes a cherished interlude.

THUNDER ON THE HILL: An earnest but unconvincing whodunit in which a stubborn nun (Claudette Colbert) sets out to clear a convicted murderer (Ann Blyth). William Daniels' camera, though, often makes the picture at least visually attractive.

GILMOUR RATES

<i>Alice in Wonderland</i> : Via Disney. Fair.	<i>Apache Drums</i> : Western. Fair.
<i>The Big Carnival</i> (new title for — <i>Ace in the Hole</i>): Drama. Tops.	
<i>Bitter Rice</i> : Sex melodrama. Fair.	
<i>Browning Version</i> : Drama. Excellent.	
<i>Captain Horatio Hornblower</i> : Adventures afloat & ashore. Good.	
<i>David & Bathsheba</i> : Epic romance. Fair.	
<i>Excuse My Dust</i> : Comedy. Fair.	
<i>Fabiola</i> : "Epic" melodrama. Fair.	
<i>Father's Little Dividend</i> : Comedy. Good.	
<i>First Legion</i> : Religious drama. Fair.	
<i>Flying Leathernecks</i> : War. Fair.	
<i>Follow the Sun</i> : Golf drama. Good.	
<i>Fort Worth</i> : Western. Fair.	
<i>Fourteen Hours</i> : Suspense. Excellent.	
<i>The Frogmen</i> : Undersea war. Good.	
<i>Go for Broke</i> : War. Excellent.	
<i>Goodbye, My Fancy</i> : Drama. Fair.	
<i>The Great Caruso</i> : Musical. Good.	
<i>Hard, Fast & Beautiful</i> : Drama. Poor.	
<i>Here Comes the Groom</i> : Comedy. Good.	
<i>Hollywood Story</i> : Whodunit. Fair.	
<i>House on Telegraph Hill</i> : Drama. Fair.	
<i>Iron Man</i> : Boxing drama. Fair.	
<i>Kind Lady</i> : Melodrama. Good.	
<i>Kon-Tiki</i> : True sea adventure. Good.	
<i>Laughter in Paradise</i> : Comedy. Fair.	
<i>Lavender Hill Mob</i> : Comedy. Excellent.	
<i>Law and the Lady</i> : Comedy. Poor.	
<i>Strictly Dishonorable</i> : Comedy. Fair.	
<i>Tall Target</i> : Suspense drama. Fair.	
<i>Teresa</i> : Drama. Excellent.	
<i>That's My Boy</i> : Comedy. Fair.	
<i>The Thing</i> : Space monster. Good.	
<i>Vendetta</i> : Melodrama. Poor.	
<i>Warpath</i> : Western. Fair.	
<i>White Corridors</i> : Hospital drama. Fair.	

The Boom That Ran Away From Home

Continued from page 15

markets of Ontario and Quebec. It was "impossible" to build such a pipeline—twenty-two hundred miles long, it would be the longest gas pipeline in the world.

Last year somebody used that word "impossible" to Clint Murchison, an oil millionaire from Texas. Murchison has made a fortune out of his reluctance to believe anything is impossible. He hired an engineering firm to see whether or not a pipeline could be built from Alberta to Montreal. They spent one hundred thousand dollars on a survey, and told him yes, it could.

The line would cost an estimated \$253 millions and would run through some very difficult terrain. However, it would deliver 365 million cubic feet of natural gas each day to eastern Canada, at a price substantially below the present cost of the American coal which Ontario is burning.

Murchison hasn't got permission to build the line. He hasn't got permission to export the gas from Alberta even if he had the pipeline built. But he and his associates have already spent four and a half million dollars looking for gas in Alberta—they have had four to six drilling rigs at work ever since Sept. 1950.

They plan to sell more than gas, too. The "wet gas" of the Pincher Creek field contains a lot of sulphur and other things which must be taken out before the gas can be used as fuel. But, in thus "cleaning" 365 million cubic feet of gas a day, the operators would extract enough sulphur to meet half of Canada's present requirements. All our sulphur is now imported and it's one of the most critically scarce materials in the world.

Ventures like this need money, big money. Has Canada enough capital to take an equal partner's share? Or should we just relax, as we seem to have done in the past, and let our big rich neighbors develop the country for us?

There are several reasons why Americans seem readier than we to bet on Canada's future. One is the contrast between the tax laws of the two countries.

American corporations pay a graduated income tax that can go up to a very high percentage of a company's income. But American law allows any company to deduct, as a business expense, any money spent on developing natural resources anywhere on this continent. Canadian taxes are different. For one thing they aren't so high; for another thing, only an oil company can deduct expenses of looking for oil. If another firm (the Canadian Pacific Railway, for one good example) were to set up a subsidiary to prospect for oil, its losses in the first few years would come out of the net income, after taxes, of the parent firm.

In other words, when Americans gamble on Canadian oil, they're often gambling ten-cent dollars against hundred-cent dollars for a Canadian firm.

"Not long ago there was a quarter-section put up for auction in the Redwater area," a Canadian oil man said. "Our company bid \$550,000. Texaco, an American company, bid \$1.6 millions, and got it. But when you allow for taxation, that bid actually cost Texaco less money than our bid would have cost us." And that kind of thing, he added, happens all the time.

Another point, as pertinent as it is simple: Canadians haven't got as much money as Americans. They

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Here's long term protection . . . stretching four years beyond the customary one-year warranty offered on most appliances. Here's how you can invest wisely today in a *better* washing machine and know its operation is protected for years to come . . . *at no cost to you!*

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Ask AT YOUR THOR DEALERS TODAY
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NOW THOR GIVES YOU 6 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES . .

HYDRO-SWIRL ACTION —

Swish . . . and Thor's giant Automagic agitator sweeps the sudsy water through your gently flexing clothes — Swirl . . . and out comes every tiny dirt-laden bubble. Swish . . . Swirl . . . for a cleaner, whiter, sweeter wash.

CONTROLLABLE WASHING TIME —

No two washes are the same and that's why Thor believes no two washing, rinsing or drying times can be the same. Thor "flick-of-a-switch" control lets you decide the treatment required for each separate wash!

EASILY CONVERTED TO DISHWASHER —

A simple change of inner tub requiring only a few seconds gives you a dishwasher that washes, rinses, sanitizes and even dries a complete service for six . . . and it uses only four quarts of hot water.

SAVES UP TO 50% HOT WATER —

Your rinse water can be run-of-the-tap cold because your hands never touch water. Therefore, your Thor Automagic uses hot water only for the actual wash . . . a considerable saving that has been measured up to 50% in actual tests.

THOR-WAY OVERFLOW RINSE —

Agitator power rinsing thoroughly removes dirt and soap film which is floated off the top! There's no danger of dirt being drawn down through your washed clothes. Thor-rinsed clothes are whiter!

5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN —

Complete 5-year protection against mechanical failure of the famous Thor "Sealed Mechanism" . . . the heart of the washer.

* TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ONLY the NEW
Sunbeam
 MODEL 10 AUTOMATIC
MIXMASTER

gives you all these advantages

**LIGHTER...
HIGHER...
FINER-TEXTURED
CAKES!**

More **EVEN** mixing and greater **AERATION** with these **NEW LARGER BOWL-FIT BEATERS**

See how all the batter is carried into and through them—how their surfaces conform to the actual contours of the bowl. No piling up of dry ingredients on the outer edges. No unmixed whirlpools. No bypassed pockets. All the batter gets a thorough, even mixing in **LESS TIME**.

The larger outside **BOWL-FIT** beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl all the way to the bottom. The larger, inside **BOWL-FIT** beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface all the way to the center.



Sunbeam Mixmaster does the perfect mixing job because the bowls revolve automatically. The new **BOWL-FIT** beaters are in correct relation to the bowl. ALL the mixture goes into and through them for **EVEN** mixing every time. Your hands are always **FREE** to add ingredients in correct proportion.

ORDINARY FOOD MIXER **Sunbeam MIXMASTER**
 Actual photograph of angel food cakes made in baking tests with ordinary food mixer and with the new Sunbeam. You can SEE and TASTE the difference. Sunbeam Mixmaster's higher, lighter, finer textured cakes are a result of the better mixing and greater aeration the new larger Bowl-fit beaters give you.

ONLY THE NEW SUNBEAM MIXMASTER has all the marvelous new features that give you higher, lighter cakes—creamer, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing around the clock. Mixmaster's new larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • New powerful EVEN-speed motor • Automatic Beater Ejector • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages you want and deserve in the food mixer you choose. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the NEW Sunbeam—the original and the **ONLY** Mixmaster. There's only ONE by that name. Nearly seven million enthusiastic users are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which there are such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper, Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, Butter Churn and others.



AUTOMATIC MIX-FINDER DIAL
 Perfect mixing speeds right at your fingertips. EASY-TO-SEE, EASY-TO-SERVE.



AUTOMATIC JUICE EXTRACTOR
 Oscillating strainer automatically joggles juice out of pulp. Faster. Easier-to-use.



AUTOMATIC BEATER-EJECTOR
 Tilt the handle —out—drop Bowl-fit beaters individually for easier cleaning. No pulling.

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TOASTER SHAVEMASTER COFFEEMASTER IRONMASTER WAFFLE BAKER

can laugh at losses which would bankrupt us.

Actually, Canadians have made a lot of progress in gaining ownership of our own resources. Forty years ago almost all the new money going into any kind of Canadian project was money from abroad, mostly British. Between the wars we got to the point of finding about half of the new capital we needed and the rest came mainly from the United States. Since World War II we've had the greatest capital investment boom of our entire history, and we're financing more than eighty percent of it ourselves.

Canadians can argue, therefore, that they haven't enough money left over for a new unfamiliar field like oil. They're too busy scraping dollars together for the expansion of industries we know more about.

But it's still true that Canadians have a strong Scottish preference for the "sound" as opposed to the risky investment. That's why the Alberta oil boom is still, after nearly five years, so largely invisible in terms of domestic investment.

Grim Days Are Not Forgotten

There are very few Alberta oil millionaires because, for one thing, very few Albertans own the mineral rights to their own land. The provincial government owns the oil and other minerals under more than ninety percent of Alberta's 163 million acres. So, when oil-rich land is sold for a million dollars a quarter-section, it's the Alberta Treasury and not some lucky Alberta farmer that gets the money. When oil is pumped out of that land the Alberta Treasury gets the royalty, a sliding scale payment which averages thirteen percent of the gross value of the oil produced.

The result, for Alberta, is a kind of sober prosperity which has very little of the lavish, garish, sailor-shore quality we normally associate with an oil boom. Alberta's oil last year brought in more than twenty-nine million dollars—almost twice the entire revenue of the provincial government when the Social Creditors first took office in 1935.

Those were grim days, and they are not forgotten. In the first month of Social Credit rule Alberta civil servants found they couldn't collect their pay. The banks wouldn't cash provincial government cheques. More than half

of Alberta's whole revenue went to pay interest on one hundred and seventy millions of debt. The new government, desperate, tried to call the bondholders together and negotiate a reduction in the interest rate. The bondholders paid no attention until the Social Creditors arbitrarily cut the interest rate in half. Then the bondholders attended meetings willingly enough, but they weren't exactly friendly. Alberta was treated as a bankrupt for years.

Some Social Credit ministers think this old distrust was partly responsible for the reluctance of eastern Canadian capital to take a share in the Alberta boom. And there's little doubt that the old poverty, the old insecurity had a heavy influence on the Alberta investor. He had, after all, been bitten before. Older men in Alberta can remember the Pincher Creek boom of 1898, the Turner Valley boom of 1914, when a lot of Albertans lost their shirts. Turner Valley had another boom in 1924, still another in 1936, and though none of these was entirely hollow, none really paid off either.

The Albertan has had plenty of chance to see, even in the last few years, that oil prospecting is a rich man's gamble. Even such a major competitor as the Shell Oil Company, with its enormous financial resources, dropped out of the race in 1946 after spending eleven million dollars and finding nothing but a gas well at Jumping Pound. (That gas will have great value if and when a pipeline is built and "export" permitted; meanwhile, it's worthless.)

Imperial Oil was the only company to stick it out—and Imperial spent more than twice as much as Shell, before the Leduc discovery. There was plenty of time for even millionaires, even syndicates of millionaires, to go broke drilling dry holes.

Albertans need feel no bitterness, therefore, at the way their oil boom has developed. Alberta may have few millionaires, but it spent twenty millions this year on roads and bridges, millions more on schools, hospitals. Alberta's debt is now below a hundred millions and going down rapidly; in twenty years the province hopes to be completely debt-free, and this in spite of a continuous and ambitious program of capital development.

Certainly the Alberta Government has no regrets and no doubt that its development policy is sound. American



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capital has been and will be welcome to develop the resources of the province. When oil-bearing land is found the discoverer may lease only half of it; the other half is auctioned off, and anyone may buy.

Alberta's ministers are a little cynical, though, a little sceptical of Canadian and British investors who come to Alberta nowadays bemoaning the fact that they are late, and asking if "there's any way we can still get in on the ground floor."

Hon. N. E. Tanner, Minister of Lands and Mines, is a quiet man with a talent for candor. To one such delegation recently he said: "Gentlemen, I don't want to be rude but I do want to be frank. You don't want to get in on the ground floor. You want a chance to buy proved land, or semi-proved land, at the kind of price it would have brought when nobody knew what was under it."

"If you really want to get in on the ground floor there is lots of room. Millions of acres in this province are still available, cheap. They're not in the Redwater area, or the Leduc area, but they're better prospects now than Redwater or Leduc were five years ago. If you want to go out and explore those lands, go ahead."

Still a Boat to Catch

Tanner wasn't fooling. The chances in Alberta are still numberless, still fabulous. The place hasn't yet been scratched. In Texas, for instance, there are about two thousand drilling rigs at work exploring and developing oil fields. In the whole of western Canada there are two hundred and one. Twenty are working in Saskatchewan, four in B.C., two in Manitoba, one in the Northwest Territories, the rest in Alberta.

The area of potential oil land runs from Norman Wells inside the Arctic Circle, southward and eastward to the Manitoba border. It's a big enough territory to contain the whole of Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma. It has room for any amount of exploration, any amount of investment—investment which would still be a gamble at fairly long odds, but a much safer gamble than Imperial took in Alberta before Leduc.

So Canadians needn't fret about having "missed the boat" in Alberta. Maybe we missed one boat or even two, but the Canadian west is a regular ferry service—there's a boat leaving every hour on the hour. We can still catch one, any day. Some Canadians have done so already.

A year or two ago, sixteen Calgary businessmen got together with five thousand dollar piece. None of them knew anything about oil, but they formed a little company and hired themselves a drilling rig.

On the first hole they sank their whole eighty thousand and it was dry. So they borrowed seventy thousand more and tried again. At one time, before they really started to get their money back, they had run up total liabilities of six hundred thousand dollars. But they did strike oil.

Last summer they sold out for two and a half millions. Each one of the sixteen men reaped a clear net profit of more than sixty thousand dollars for the two-year investment, and that was all capital gain, too, not taxable income. Now some of them, at least, are looking round for other likely-looking properties.

People who do that kind of thing often go broke. Some of them are sure to. Others make fortunes. And, among the lot of them, they make a prosperous nation. ★

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PICTURE-WINDOW PLAYHOUSE

By WILLIAM FREDERICK MIKSCH

DESCENDED as I am from a long line of shade-pullers, it has taken me quite a while to get used to life behind a picture window. Now I love it.

Frankly, I didn't know we were getting one when we sent away for our new house plans. But when our contractor started nailing on the roof while an outside wall was still missing I asked my wife, who understands blueprints, if there was a brick shortage.

"It's the picture window," she explained. "Everybody's putting one in."

My wife, who once used to pull down the blinds before setting up the card table for fear the minister might come to call, liked the picture window from the start. *Chic*, she called it. If it suddenly became *chic* to live under water she would be the first to grow a set of gills.

"Come and see the view," she coaxed. "After all, you paid for it."

The word "paid" softened me somewhat and I joined her at our window to stare out across the street at the exciting vista of Honest Al's Auto Graveyard. We soon stopped watching television altogether in favor of Honest's suspenseful documentaries on the junk business.

However, it wasn't until we began writing our own scenarios and producing them that I came to appreciate fully our picture-window playhouse.

Our first offering was a low-budget production, titled *Destitute*. A touching drama, we still play it with success whenever the installment collector comes around. The scene opens when our two children (wrapped in burlap bags, their faces smudged with lamp-black) press their tiny noses against the picture window and stare pathetically out at the collector. Then my wife enters (Stage Right), tearfully squeez-

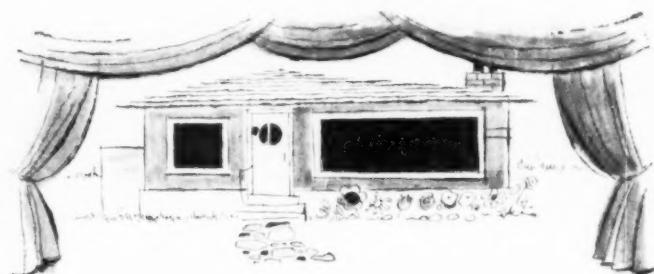
ing an empty purse. She is followed by the leading man (me), wearing a patched-up rig that once served as a costume at a 1934 hard-times party. With bowed head I approach and try to still her racking sobs. Except for occasional upstaging by my wife and some unnecessary "hamming" by the kiddies, this melodrama comes off so well that we are surprised indeed if the installment man comes on to ring our bell. Usually he just slinks away.

By now we have quite a repertoire of acts designed to frighten off out-of-town relatives, process servers, unexpected guests, and tax assessors. Some of these titles are: *Fury*, *Plague*, and *Onset*.

But our outstanding hit so far is a gripping thing called *Horror In The House*. We use it on door-to-door brush salesmen. Curtain time for this one isn't until the salesman has punched our bell several times and steps back to rubber in our picture window. What he sees (if he has the stomach to stick around long enough) is this: My wife cowers in the chimney corner (Upstage Left). I tower over her, angrily brandishing our son's Hopalong Cassidy pistol. Then in a stage whisper designed to carry to our audience outside I snarl at her: "Go ahead! Why don't you answer the door? I'll tell you why, you faithless baggage! Because it's him — *Him!* *HIM!*"

Once a salesman was a little slow taking off at this point. His eyes bugged out and he seemed to be rooted in our lawn. So my wife, who is getting to be a fine little Thespian, looked directly out into his horror-stricken face, raised her arms pleadingly, and ad libbed, "Please go away, darling! *Save yourself!*" That did it.

I don't know when we bought our last brush. ★





The Only Stop-Start Button in Electric Shaving—

Working to make shaving easier, Schick's engineers developed this "mechanical thumb." It goes into action when you snap the button—turns the motor on or off instantly, surely. And it's been tested and retested for easy, positive action.

Here's shaving as easy as pushing a button

RIUGHT from the start, you know this shaver is unlike any other.

When we designed the Schick "20" as the finest shaving instrument of all time, we even made it the only shaver with a handy Stop-Start Button.

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Hear that powerful purr? Thank Schick's real rotary motor—a powerhouse that produces 17,000 shaving strokes a minute—with selectively hand-fitted, triple-ground shafts—the mightiest motor of its size in the world.

See those whiskers go down at skinline? Thank Schick's Hi-Velocity Heads—with inner cutters carefully swaged and curved, specially weighted where needed—heads that are individually microscoped for precision fit.

All through? Just snap the Stop-Start Button again—and that's it. Feel your face—*try* to find a trace of scrape or cut—or even the downiest whisker.

Now—take a good look at the Schick "20" at your nearest dealer's. Hold this handsome new shape—try its lightness in your fingers. And don't overlook that luxurious Caddie Case, the finishing touch for the finest shaving instrument of all time.

You can also see the Schick Super, wherever Schicks are sold. Schick (Canada) Limited. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20" \$32.75 • Schick Super \$29.50

See Randolph Halley in "Crime Syndicated," Schick's Big New Weekly TV Show



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You'll never match these bargain prices . . . better do your shopping now! This offer expires November 30, 1951.



(1) 48-ounce utility Casserole and cover — smart, wide, easy-to-grasp handles, and cover that doubles as a pie-plate or handsome serving dish —

REGULAR \$1.25

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(2) 6 Custard cups — handsome, handy, fluted-edge. For baked, chilled or frozen desserts, 5-oz. size —

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Rebellion of Young David

Continued from page 23

Maybe I'd be helping him with a reading lesson. I tried to make a game of it, totaling the words he named right against the words he named wrong. He'd look at me, squinting up his face into a contortion of deliberate ingratiating. He'd say, "Seventeen right and only one wrong . . . wouldn't that make you laugh, Art?" Then maybe the very next word I'd ask him, he'd slump against the table in a pretended indolence; or flop the book shut while the smile was still on my face.

Or maybe we'd be playing with his new baseball bat and catcher's mitt.

His hands were too small to grasp the bat properly and his fingers were lost in the mitt. But he couldn't have seemed more obliteratingly happy when he did connect with the ball. "Boy, that was a solid hit, wasn't it, Art? You throw them to me just right, Art, just right!" He'd improvise rules of his own for the game. His face would twist with the delight of communicating them to me.

Then, suddenly, when he'd throw the ball, he'd throw it so hard that the physical smart of it on my bare fingers would sting me to exasperation.

"All right," I'd say coolly, "if you don't want to play, I'll go hoe the garden."

I'd go over to the garden, watching him out of the corner of my eye. He'd wander forlornly about the yard. Then I'd see him coming slowly toward the garden where his tracks still showed along the top of a row of carrots he'd raced through yesterday. He'd come up behind me and say, "I have to walk right between the rows, don't I? Gardens are hard work, aren't they, Art . . . you don't want anyone stepping on the rows."

David, David . . .

The strange part, it wasn't that discipline had no effect because it made no impression.

One evening he said out of a blue sky, "You're so smart, Art . . . I haven't got a brain in my head, not one. You've got so many brains, Art, brains . . ." I was completely puzzled.

Then I remembered: I had countered with complete silence when he'd called me "dumb" that morning. I'd forgotten the incident entirely. But he hadn't. Though he'd been less rather than more tractable since then, he'd been carrying the snub around with him all day.

Or take the afternoon there was only one nickel in his small black purse. I saw him take it out and put it back again several times before he came and asked me for another. He never asked me for money unless he wanted it terribly. I gave him another nickel. He went to the store and came back with two Cokes. For some reason he had to treat me.

My face must have shown my gratification. He said, with his devastating candor, "You look happier with me than you did this morning, don't you, Art?"

I couldn't even recall the offense that time. He had felt my displeasure, though on my part it must have been quite unconscious.

What had I done wrong? I didn't know.

Unless it was that, when he was small, I'd kept a harness on him in the yard. He rebelled, instinctively, at any kind of bond. But what else could I do? Our house was on a blind corner. What else could I do, when I had the picture of the strength of his slight headlong body falling against the impersonal strength of a truck, or the depth of a well?

David, David . . .

I said, "David, David . . ." out loud, that particular afternoon he lay so still on the ground; because this is the way it had happened.

I HAD taken him fencing with me that morning. It was one of those perfect spring mornings when even the woods seem to breathe out a clean water-smell. He was very excited. He'd never been to the back of the pasture before.

I carried the axe and the maul. He carried the staple-box and the two hammers. Sometimes he walked beside me, sometimes ahead.

There was something about him that always affected me when I watched him moving back to. I'd made him wear his rubber boots because there was a swamp to cross. Now the sun was getting hot. I wished I'd let him wear his sneakers and carried him across the swamp. There was something about the heavy boots not slowing up his eager movement and the thought that they must be tiring him without his consciousness of it.

I asked him if his legs weren't tired. "Noooooo," he scoffed. As if that were the kind of absurd question people kid each other with to clinch the absolute perfection of the day. Then he added, "If your legs do get a little tired when you're going some place, that doesn't hurt, does it, Art?"

His unpredictable twist of comment made him good company, in an adult way. Yet there was no unnatural shadow of precocity about him. His face had a kind of feature-smalling brightness that gave him a peaked look when he was tired or disappointed, and when his face was washed and the water on his hair, for town, a kind of shining. But it was as childlike and unwithholding as the clasp of his hand. (Or maybe he didn't look much different from any other child. Maybe I couldn't see him straight because I loved him.)

This was one of his days of intense, jubilant, communicativeness. One of his "How come?" days. As if by his questions and my answers we (and we alone) could find out about everything.

If I said anything mildly funny he worked himself up into quite a glee. I knew his laughter was a little louder than natural. His face would twitch a little, renewing it, each time I glanced at him. But that didn't mean that his amusement was false. I knew that his intense willingness to think anything funny I said was as funny as anything could possibly be, tickled him more than the joke itself. "You always say such funny things, Art!"

WE CAME to the place where I had buried the horse. Dogs had dug away the earth. The brackets of its ribs and the chalky grimace of its jaws stared whitely in the bright sun.

He looked at it with a sudden quietness beyond mere attention; as if something invisible were threatening to come too close. I thought he was a little pale. He had never seen a skeleton before.

"Those bones can't move, can they, Art?" he said.

"No," I said.

"How can bones move?"

"Oh, they have to have flesh on them, and muscles, and . . ."

"Well, could he move when he was just dead? I mean right then, when he was right just dead?"

"No."

"How come?"

I was searching for a reply when he moved very close to me. "Could you carry the hammers, Art, please?" he said.

I put the hammers in my back overalls pocket.

"Could you carry an axe and a mall both in one hand?" he said.

I took the axe in my left hand, with the mall, so that now we each had a hand free. He took my hand and tugged me along the road.

He was quiet for a few minutes, then he said, "Art? What goes away out of your muscles when you're dead?"

He was a good boy all morning. He was really a help. If you fence alone you can't carry all the tools through the brush at once. You have to replace a stretch of rotted posts with the axe and mall; then return to where you've left the staple-box and hammers and go over the same ground again, tightening the wire.

He carried the staple-box and hammers and we could complete the operation as we went. He held the wire taut while I drove the staples. He'd get his voice down very low. "The way you do it, Art, see, you get the claw of your hammer right behind a barb so it won't slip . . . so it won't slip, Art, see?" As if he'd discovered some trick that would now be a conspiratorial secret between just us two. The obbligato of manual labor was like a quiet stitching together of our presences.

We started at the far end of the pasture and worked toward home. It was five minutes past eleven when we came within sight of the skeleton again. The spot where my section of the fence ended. That was fine. We could finish the job before noon and not have to walk all the way back again after dinner. It was aggravating when I struck three rotten posts in a row; but we could still finish, if we hurried. I thought David looked a little pale again.

"You take off those heavy boots and rest, while I go down to the intervalle and cut some posts," I said. There were no trees growing near the fence.

"All right, Art." He was very quiet. There was that look of suspension in his flesh he'd get sometimes when his mind was working on something it couldn't quite manoeuvre.

It took me no more than twenty minutes to cut the posts, but when I carried them back to the fence he wasn't there.

"Bring the staples, chum," I shouted. He didn't pop out from behind any bush.

"David! David!" I called, louder. There was only that hollow stillness of the wind rustling the leaves when you call to someone in the woods and there is no answer. He had completely disappeared.

I felt a sudden irritation. Of all the damn times to beat it home without telling me!

I started to stretch the wire alone. But an uneasiness began to insinuate itself. Anyone could follow that wide road home. But what if . . . I didn't know just what . . . but what if something . . . ? Oh dammit, I'd have to go find him.

I kept calling him all the way along the road. There was no answer. How could he get out of sound so quickly, unless he ran? He must have run all the way. But why? I began to run, myself.

MY FIRST reaction when I saw him standing by the house, looking toward the pasture, was intense relief. Then, suddenly my irritation was compounded.

He seemed to sense my annoyance, even from a distance. He began to wave, as if in propitiation. He had a funny way of waving, holding his arm out stiff and moving his hand up and down very slowly. I didn't wave back.

When I came close enough that he could see my face he stopped waving.

"I thought you'd come home without me, Art," he said.

"Why should you think that?" I said, very calmly.

He wasn't defiant as I'd expected him to be. He looked as if he were relieved to see me; but as if at the sight of me coming from that direction he knew he'd done something wrong. Now he was trying to pass the thing off as an amusing quirk in the way things had turned out. Though half-suspecting that this wouldn't go over. His

tentative over-smiling brushed at my irritation, but didn't dislodge it.

"I called to you, Art," he said.

I just looked at him, as much as to say, do you think I'm deaf?

"Yes, I called. I thought you'd come home some other way."

"Now I've got to trapse all the way back there this afternoon to finish one rod of fence," I said.

"I thought you'd gone and left me," he said.

I ignored him, and walked past him into the house.

He didn't eat much dinner, but he

wasn't defiant about that, either, as he was, sometimes, when he refused to eat. And after dinner he went out and sat down on the banking, by himself. He didn't know that his hair was sticking up through the heart-shaped holes in the skullcap with all the buttons pinned on it.

When it was time to go back to the woods again he hung around me with his new bat and ball. Tossing the ball up himself and trying to hit out flies.

"Boy, you picked out the vey best bat there was, didn't you, Art?" he said. I knew he thought I'd toss him a

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few. I didn't pay any attention to what he was doing.

When I started across the yard, he said, "Do you want me to carry the axe this afternoon? That makes it easier for you, doesn't it, Art?"

"I'll be back in an hour or so," I said. "You play with Max."

He went as far as the gate with me. Then he stopped. I didn't turn around. It sounds foolish, but everything between us was on such an adult basis that it wasn't until I bent over to crawl through the barbed wire fence that I stole a glance at him, covertly. He was tossing the ball up again and trying to hit it. It always fell to the ground, because the bat was so unwieldy and because he had one eye on me.

I noticed he still had on his hot rubber boots. I had intended to change them for his sneakers. He was the sort of child who seems unconsciously to invest his clothes with his own mood. The thought of his clothes, when he was forlorn, struck me as hard as the thought of his face.

Do you know the kind of thoughts you have when you go back alone to a job which you have been working at happily with another? When that work together has ended in a quarrel... with your accusations unprotected, and, after that, your rejection of his overtures unprotected too?

I picked up my tools and began to work. But I couldn't seem to work quickly.

I'd catch myself, with the hammer slack in my hands, thinking about crazy things like his secret pride in the new tie (which he left outside his pullover until he saw that the other children had theirs inside) singling him so abatedly from the town children, the Saturday I took him to the matinee, that I felt an unreasonable rush of protectiveness toward him... Of him laughing dutifully at the violence in the comedy, but crouching a little toward me, while the other children, who were not nearly so violent as he, shrieked together in a seizure of delight.

I thought of his scribblers, with the fixity there of the letters which his small hand had formed earnestly, but awfully.

I thought of those times when the freak would come upon him to recount all his transgressions of the day, insisting on his guilt with phrases of my own I had never expected him to remember.

I thought of him playing ball with the other children.

At first they'd go along with the outlandish variations he'd introduce into the game, because it was his equipment. Then, somehow, they'd be playing with the bat and glove and he'd be out of it, watching.

I thought now of him standing there, saying, "Boy, I hope my friends come to play with me early tomorrow, *early*, Art" though I knew that if they came at all their first question would be, "Can we use your bat and glove?"

I thought of him asleep. I thought, if anything should ever happen to him that's the way he would look.

I laughed; to kid myself for being such a soft and sentimental fool. But it was no use. The feeling came over me, immediate as the sound of a voice, that something was happening to him right now.

IT WAS coincidence, of course, but I don't believe that... because I had started to run even before I came over the crest of the knoll by the barn. Before I saw the cluster of excited children by the horse stable.

I couldn't see David among them, but I saw the ladder against the roof. I saw Max running toward the stable,

with my neighbor running behind him. I knew, by the way the children looked at me with that half-discomfited awe that was always in their faces whenever any recklessness of David's was involved—what had happened.

"He fell off the roof," one of them said.

I held him and I said, "David, David..."

He stirred. "Wait," he said drowsily. "Wait up, Art..."

I suppose it's foolish to think that if I hadn't been right there, right then, to call his name, he would never have come back. Because he was only stunned. The doctor could scarcely find a bruise on him. "I don't know

DILUTE WITH SUBTLETY

Frankness is a virtue

I much admire, but drat me!

I ask that you don't point it

Too directly at me.

—Ray Romine

just why my eyes stung when the doctor patted his head in admiration of his patience, when the exhaustive examination was over. He was always so darned quiet and brave at the doctor's or the dentist's.

I read to him the rest of the afternoon. He'd sit quiet all day, with the erasure on his face as smooth as the erasure of sleep, if you read to him.

After supper, I decided to finish the fence. It was the season of long days.

"Do you want to help me finish the fence?" I said. I thought he'd be delighted.

"No," he said. "You go on. I'll wait right here. Right here, Art."

"Who's going to help me stretch the wire?" I said.

"All right," he said.

He scarcely spoke until we got almost back to the spot where the skeleton was. Then he stopped and said, "We better go back, Art. It's going to be dark."

"G'way with ya," I said. "It won't be dark for hours." It wouldn't be although the light was an eerie after-supper light.

"I'm going home," he said. His voice and his face were suddenly defiant.

"You're not going home," I said sharply. "Now come on, hurry up."

I was carrying an extra pound of staples I had picked up in town that afternoon. He snatched the package from my hand. Before I could stop him he broke the string and strewed them far and wide.

I suppose I was keyed up after the day, for I did then what I had never done before. I took him and held him and I put it onto him, hard and thoroughly.

He didn't try to escape. For the first few seconds he didn't make a sound. The only retraction of his defiance was a kind of crouching in his eyes when he first realized what I was going to do. Then he began to cry. He cried and cried.

"You're going home," I said, "and you're going right to bed."

I could see the marks of my fingers on his bare legs, when I undressed him. He went to sleep almost immediately. But though it was perfectly quiet downstairs for reading, the words of my book might have been any others.

When I got him up to the toilet he had something to say, as usual. But this time he was wide awake. I sat down on the side of his bed for a minute.

"Bones make you feel funny, don't they, Art?" was what he said.

I remembered then.

I remembered that the skeleton was opposite the place where he sat down to rest. I remembered how he had shrunk from it on the way back. I remembered then that the wind had been blowing away from me, when I was cutting the posts. That's why I hadn't heard him call. I thought of him calling, and then running along the road alone, in the heavy, hot, rubber boots.

David, David, I thought, do I always fail you like that? . . . the awful misinterpretation a child has to endure! I couldn't answer him.

"I thought you'd gone home, Art," he said.

"I'm sorry," I said. I couldn't seem to find any words to go on with.

"I'm sorry too I threw the staples," he said eagerly.

"I'm sorry I spanked you."

"No, no," he said. "You spank me every time I do that, won't you, Dad? . . . spank me, Dad."

His night-face seemed happier than I had ever seen it. As if the trigger-spring of his driving restlessness had been finally cut.

I WON'T say it came in a flash. It wasn't such a simple thing as that. But could that be what I had done wrong?

He had called me "Dad." Could it be that a child would rather have a father than a pal? "Wait . . . Wait up, Art." By spanking him I had abrogated the adult partnership between us and set him free. He could cry. His guilt could be paid for all at once and absolved.

It wasn't the spanking that had been cruel. What had been cruel were all the times I had snubbed him as you might an adult with implication of shame. There was no way he could get over that. The unexpiable residue of blame piled up in him. Shutting him out, spreading who can tell what unlikely symptoms a child's mind will translate it into?, blocking his access to me, to other children, even to himself. His reaction was violence, deviation. Any guilt a sensitive child can't be absolved of at once he blindly adds to, whenever he thinks of it, in a kind of desperation.

I had worried about failing him. That hadn't bothered him. What had bothered him was an adult shame I had taught him. I saw now, for failing me.

I kissed him good-night. "Okay, son," I said. "I'll spank you sometimes."

He nodded, smiling. "Dad," he said then, "how come you knew I jumped off the roof?"

That should have brought me up short how much farther apart we must be than I'd imagined if he was driven to jump off a roof to shock me back into contact. "Jumped" he said, not "fell."

But somehow it didn't. It gave me the most liberating kind of hope. Because it hadn't been a question, really. It had been a statement. "How come you knew . . . ?" He hadn't the slightest doubt that no matter what he did, wherever I was I would know it, and that wherever I was I would come.

Anyhow, it is a fine day today, and we have just finished the fence. He is playing ball with the other children as I put this down. Their way. ★

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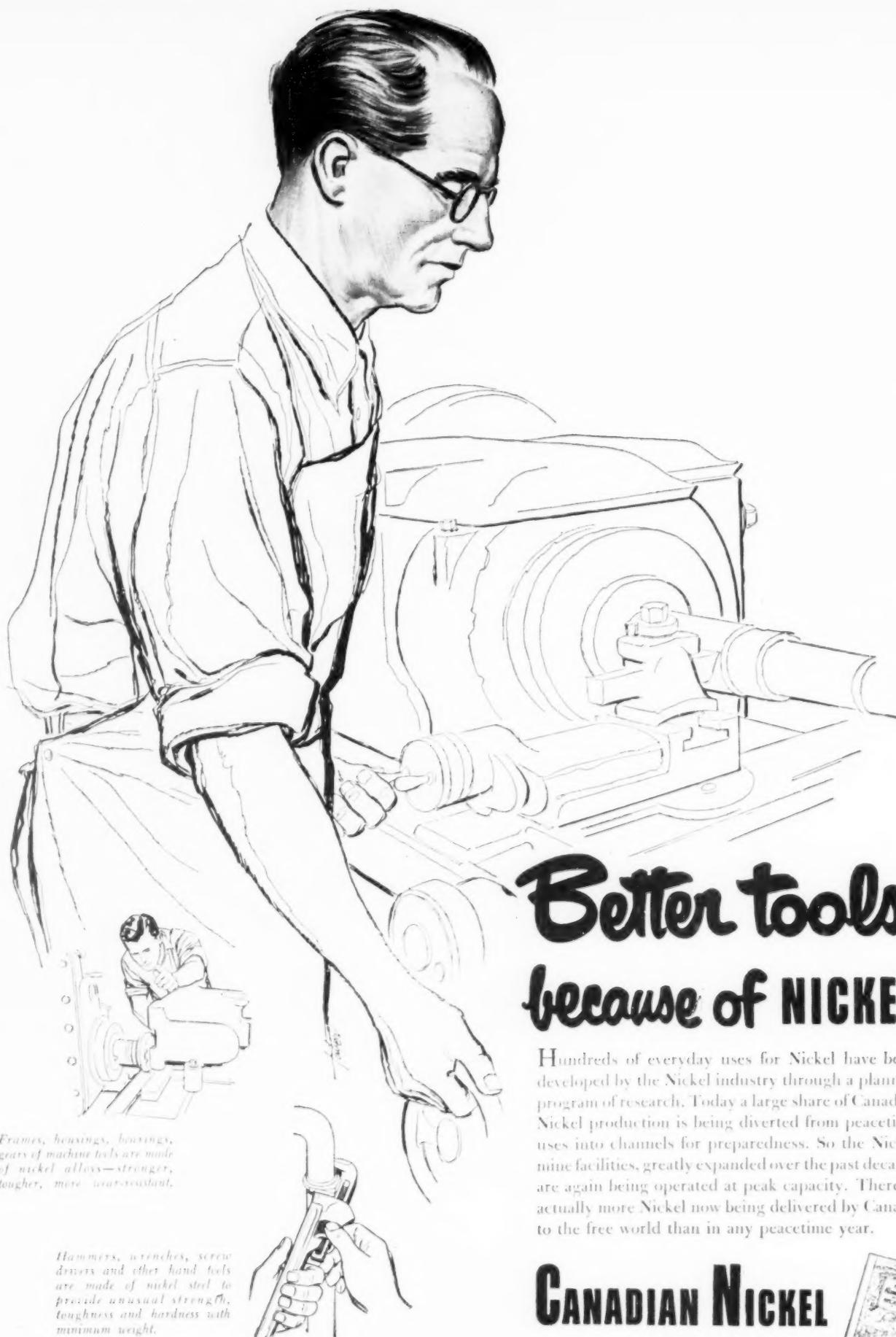
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I Guarded Churchill

Continued from page 26

was, "There is a man to see you in the dining room."

I went in and saw a face that was familiar, but I could not remember where I had seen it previously. He said, "You don't remember me?"

I had to confess I was not clear who he was.

It was our friend from Downing Street who had gone to a good deal of trouble to call and express his gratitude and satisfaction. It transpired that, through the intervention of Mr. Churchill, he had not only received his gratuity but it had also been made clear to him that his acceptance of it would not prejudice a later application for a pension.

Another time Mr. Churchill and I were walking from the Admiralty to Downing Street when a photographer appeared near the back garden gate of No. 10. This was a forbidden spot for pictures and I was just warning the cameraman off when Winston turned and saw him.

"Do you want to take a photograph?" he asked.

"Yes, please, sir," answered the cameraman.

Mr. Churchill turned and posed. I said to him: "I thought photographs were forbidden here, sir."

"Ah well," came the answer with that irresistible bovish grin, "after all he is one of God's children, Thompson."

There were a thousand glimpses of his kindness, his easy kinship with people, large and small. Once, as we drove through the 8th Army's forward lines near El Alamein, a cockney voice shouted from the dusty desert roadside: "Here's old Winston, bloody hat, umbrella, cigar and all." Before Mr. Churchill could decide whether his dignity had been affronted or army discipline violated another soldier shouted to him: "What about a cigar, sir?" Winston stopped, looked at him, and said: "Why not? Of course you shall have one." He gravely offered the soldier his case.

A Taunt to the Hun

Often there was an engaging boyishness about him, something of the romantic who sees his dreams of high adventure coming true—and is having the time of his life. Once, soon after D-Day he had planned one of his many trips to Normandy. Weather conditions prevented our plane from landing and we had to return to Portsmouth. Winston was furious. He jumped out of the plane and turned to one of his staff. "My blood's up," he said. "I will fly tonight. Get on to the Air Ministry and find out the weather forecast. I mean to go." We got to Montgomery's headquarters early the next day.

A few weeks before that, on our first trip to Normandy, six days after the beachhead was established, we sailed on the destroyer Kelvin. On the return trip, instead of setting course for home we sailed along the coast, about six miles out, until we were opposite the German artillery defenses. An order rang out and we fired several salvos into the German position. No reply came and at last we turned for Portsmouth. As we were walking from the ship to the train General Jan Smuts, who had accompanied the party, said to the Prime Minister: "I think the captain of the ship was rather cross with you for ordering him to fire on the German batteries."

"Why?" asked Mr. Churchill.

"Because the destroyer was well within the range of the German guns

and they might have fired at us."

"That's what I did it for. I wanted them to fire!"

Only because I have known him to be a forgiving man can I be entirely sure that Mr. Churchill has fully forgiven me for unwittingly robbing him of some of the pleasure and excitement to which he was so richly entitled when the war in Europe ended in victory. On VE Day itself I had one of my toughest jobs protecting him from his friends. The crowds knew that the Prime Minister was to visit the Commons and they waited in their tens of thousands to see him. At 3 p.m. he broadcast from 10 Downing Street and then drove to the House. The car was literally forced along by the crowd. Everyone seemed determined to shake his hand. In Parliament Square the cheering thousands closed right in. Mr. Churchill came forward to stand on the front seat of the open car with me while mounted police cleared a way. Eventually we reached the House after a terrible struggle which Mr. Churchill, looking very happy, thoroughly enjoyed.

Next day, in the morning, I was asked to map out a drive through the West End taking in the American and Soviet embassies and a visit to the French ambassador. I did so and we left at 1 p.m. in an open car accompanied by an escort of mounted police. When we returned at 6 p.m. I thought that the rejoicing in public was over for the day and dismissed the open car.

At 8:30 p.m. Winston decided to go out again. He looked down his nose at the saloon and said: "Where is that open car?"

I said, with some trepidation, "It has gone, sir."

Angrily Mr. Churchill retorted, "All right then, I shall just walk."

"Impossible, sir," I objected. "The crowd is too dense." He took no notice.

When he reached Whitehall he realized that he could not get through, so he announced: "I shall walk between the two cars." But the crowd at once closed in. I begged him to wait for the mounted police but he refused. He was taking no notice of anything I said that evening. He was still peeved because I had sent the open car away. We had a terrific struggle to keep the crowd from him. They were all trying to pat him on the back or shake hands. Then he climbed on the rear bumper of the car, which helped us to protect him.

Finally he decided to climb on the top of the car, which I felt he might have done earlier with advantage. I assisted him up. Then after a while he climbed along the car roof on all fours until he could sit in the front with his legs dangling over the windscreen. He looked very funny and very happy and the crowds cheered their heads off. These two days he had enjoyed like a schoolboy on an outing. But for those few hours I felt like an ogre who had done my best to spoil the outing.

A Saturday In Sadness

Small annoyances usually make Mr. Churchill difficult, but in times of real trouble he is at his most human and most pleasant to all those who surround him and serve him. In all my years of working for him I have never known him so shaken as he was by the fall of Singapore. He was dumbfounded. For days afterwards he was miserable and despondent. I believe the blow was felt by Mr. Churchill more than the loss of France. He shared the impression generally held in Great Britain that Singapore was impregnable. He had, I remembered, expressed this view without qualification.

Continued on page 44

Because
she trusts
you so!



A ride on Daddy's back—there's nothing a four-year-old likes so well. She feels pretty brave to be up so high, but she's never really frightened, for she trusts you so completely.

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Michael Harrington, the author, is a Newfoundland-born poet, whose published volumes of poetry, "Newfoundland Tapestry" and "The Sea is Our Highway", were described by E. J. Pratt, poet and critic, as "breathing the genuine sea-air of Canada's newest province".

Luke's Boat

"O, Luke's boat is painted green,
Aha, me b'ys.
O, Luke's boat is painted green,
The prettiest little boat ever you seen.
Aha me riddle I day . . ."

Everyone in Cold Harbour knew Luke Bryan's boat. Not that it was painted green when most boats in Cold Harbour were white or black or shades from one to the other; but because it was painted such a bright green.

There was no grass, no tree near Cold Harbour as green as Luke's boat; nor in Newfoundland neither said Tom Joseph Stone, who'd been around.

It didn't matter, Luke Bryan was proud of his boat, and why not? He had built her himself. From keel to quarter-board, from thwart to thole-pin, she was his handiwork. He had built her in the winter out of wood he had cut a year before on the back of

Rainy Pond, hauling it out by horse and catamaran to Sam Raymond's sawmill. Yes, Luke Bryan was proud of his big, green skiff; more than that — he loved her. Old-timers thought he was too fond of his boat; they said he'd rather die than let anything happen to her.

Luke was an odd sort. He had fished with his father for years — from the day he was 12 years old till the day he was 21. Then he just quit; said he was going on his own; told his young brothers to go fish with their father. Luke hadn't much money but he was a determined fellow almost stubborn. So he built his boat, with his own hands in his own time and in his own way. He went in to St. John's and bought the best engine he could get, brought it home with him on the coastal steamer and installed it himself. He was proud of his boat, from engine-house to fore-cuddy she was his masterpiece.

"O, Luke's boat got a fine fore-cutty,
Aha, me b'ys.
O, Luke's boat got a fine fore-cutty,
And every seam is chinked with putty.
Aha me riddle I day . . ."

Fishing can be a very dirty business, with 'gurry' and 'slub' on the planking, and dried offal on the gunwales, but Luke Bryan kept his trap skiff so clean and wholesome that when the 'townies' came up from St. John's in the summer, Luke's boat was always in demand for Sunday

excursions to the Round Hill Islands. But every other day Luke was alone. He fished cross-handed as the Newfoundlanders say. It had its advantages — a man could change his ground at will — and its disadvantages; when there was a good 'run o' fish', a mate could help a lot. But that was Luke's way and it was just as well.

Perhaps some of you may remember the big gale of August, just before the war, when a nor'easter came out of nowhere in spite of the forecasts which do not always tell the right story on the coasts of an island stuck out like a sore thumb in the North Atlantic. Most of the Cold Harbour men were out on the grounds from before daylight. A lot of them came in about noon, well-fished, but Luke Bryan with no one to help him stayed on. It's an extraordinary thing the way the nor'easter comes in midsummer. It can be a beautiful day, shimmering with heat, and a gentle westerly fading to a molten stillness. Vast cumulus clouds tower like mountains in the fairy blue, and the earth seems ready to go asleep.

Then suddenly — as though a blind was hauled down in a sunlit room — a darkness falls on the land and the sea. The sky turns to lead, the sea to slate, the wind comes off the water with an edge to it, and a shrillness that makes one shudder. The foam flakes blow. The rest of the Cold Harbour boats got in before the gale rose, but Luke Bryan was far out on the Red Ledge, and he had a 'hard punch' to get in. He made it though to the harbour mouth, where now the sea was in a tumult between the cliffs and the 'sunkers'. He might have driven his skiff into the Black Gulch and got ashore, but his boat would have been demolished.

So he set her straight for the roaring channel, where already the bottom was going dry in the curl of the heavy seas, and he drove her. On came the big green boat, starting green in the waste of white foam and gray sky. Her undersides were painted red, and her bows came out of the smother like a red mouth, gasping for air. The watchers could see Luke Bryan in his yellow oilskins in the well abaft the engine-house holding the bucking tiller and squinting through the mist of spray above the rocks. And suddenly the boat was in the tidal race and a great sea went over her and she was lost to view for a long, unbearable moment.

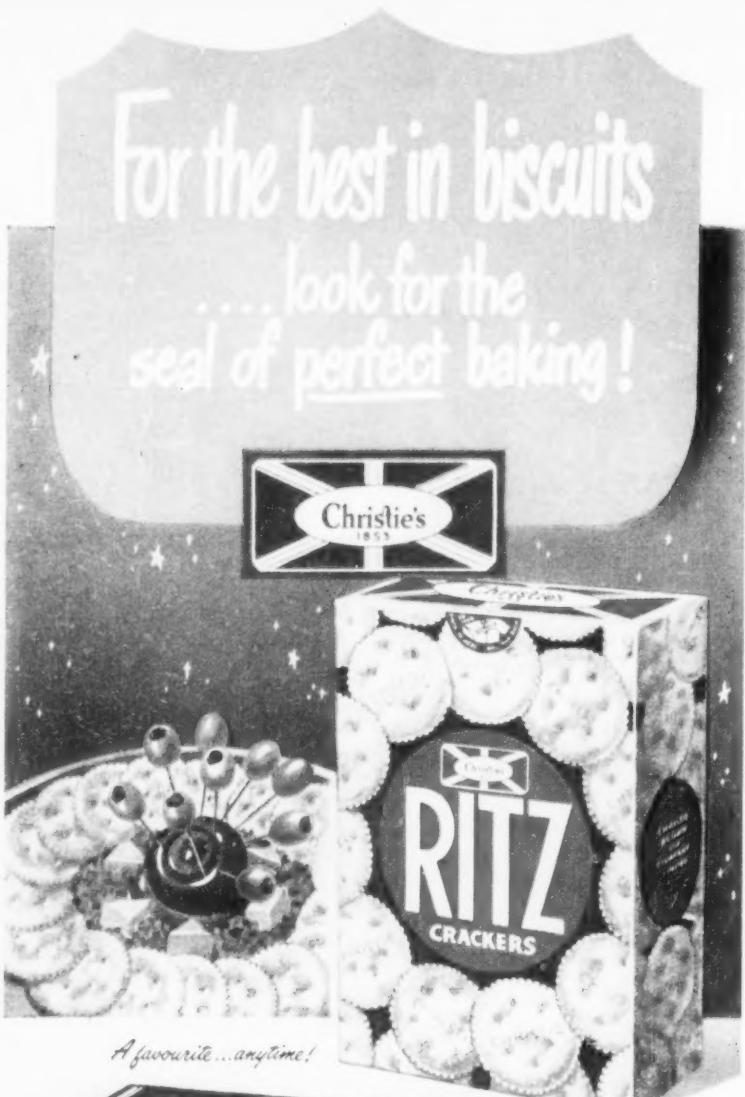
But she reappeared, shooting out of the welter like a bright, green arrow, into the comparatively smooth, lagoon-like harbour. But Luke Bryan was gone, for her decks were swept as clean as ever Luke had swabbed them when his catch had been thrown upon the stagehead. They never found him either, and they towed his fine, green boat to the 'collar' near the Bryans' stagehead, and there she lies to this day, because they say no boat is worth a man's life, not when he gives his life in that fashion.

"O, Luke's boat is painted green,
Aha, me b'ys . . ."

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Continued from page 11

at a press conference when I was present in Ottawa some six weeks previously. The news took our Dominions and colonies. It left Australia wondering where her hopes of defense lay. When friends asked the Prime Minister what had happened at Singapore he would shake his head dismally and say: "I really don't know."

His staff tried to take his mind off the disaster but all efforts seemed useless. Soon afterwards he visited Ditchley Park, one of the mansions that had been initially earmarked for the Cabinet in the case of evacuation, for the week end. He did not take his valet but asked me to look after his clothes with the house valet provided by his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree.

He was downcast. He was overtired and sleeping little. He was more worried than I have ever known him. On the Saturday afternoon he decided to go to bed. He asked me to stop all telephone calls to him and see that there was complete quiet while he tried to sleep. Half an hour later he sent for me. The phone had awakened him. I found later that a switch from the secretaries' room had been left off and that a call had gone straight through to him. It would have been a relief to me if this had been the occasion of a round of Churchillian invective. He was not angry. He was pathetic. He said in a miserable voice: "Sleep for me is finished. I shall do some work."

Next morning I took in to him some Sunday newspapers. He was sitting up in bed eating his breakfast and wearing a beautifully colored dressing gown. Although he spoke to me his thoughts were far away and his face was blank.

"Don't you think, sir?" I suggested somewhat apprehensively, "that if you took a trip next week end to see some service establishment it would do you good and help you to sleep?" He was looking straight at me with his head slightly on one side but he did not answer.

I tried again: "You always sleep well after these trips. They seem to put new life into you. Why don't you make one, sir?" Still he stared into space.

I was determined to rouse him, even if it brought his wrath upon my head, and went on: "Is it not a fact, sir, that these trips do you good and make you sleep better?"

He suddenly looked straight at me and said: "Yes, you are quite right."

"Then why not take one next week end, sir?"

"I will," he answered, and it seemed as though a great weight had been lifted from his mind.

Work prevented him from keeping his promise, but he did make the excursion a fortnight later. He made several such visits within the next few weeks.

Tucker Out In Tunis

If the news of Singapore had shaken him, it did not affect his confidence in ultimate victory. More than once in those dark days I heard him say: "We must hold on. All will come right if we have patience."

Much as I felt drawn to him then, it was during his critical illness in the winter of 1943-44 that my heart went out to him most of all.

On his way back to England from the Cairo and Teheran conferences he had planned a one-night stay in Tunis as the guest of General Eisenhower. After the excitement of these meetings dealing with matters of the highest policy, reaction seemed to set in. In the plane on the way to Tunis he

appeared tired and listless. There was nothing very surprising in this after the long round of consultations and urgent business. Long before we reached our destination he was impatient to be there. There was an irritating delay when we were at first diverted from Tunis airport. We had to land on a small airfield some miles away. When he climbed out of the plane the Old Man looked exhausted and drawn. I told Lord Moran, his physician and friend, that I thought he was ill.

"I think he is only tired," he answered, "but I will watch him."

"Well, sir," I pressed, "I have been with him many years, and I believe he is ill."

When the Snoring Stopped

Later we took off for Tunis where the Prime Minister was met by General Eisenhower. As soon as we arrived at the White House in Tunis, Mr. Churchill went straight to bed. He slept for some hours. Then it was discovered that he had a temperature. He was developing pneumonia. I was asked to take a turn in the night watching over him. I suggested that I should stay up for the whole night as I was used to doing so in my job, and Mr. Churchill would not be disturbed at seeing me around. Before I went on duty at 11 p.m. Lord Moran told me to listen to the tempo of the Prime Minister's breathing and, if there was any sudden alteration, I was to call him immediately.

I sat outside the bedroom door and I could hear distinctly Mr. Churchill's fast stertorous breathing. About two o'clock in the morning the sound ceased.

I opened the door and crept into the bedroom. All was silent. I reached the bedside. Still silence. I was sick in my stomach. I don't remember in the whole of my life such a feeling of shock and fear. I leaned over the bed and brought my head down almost to Winston's pillow. He was breathing quietly and steadily.

With a feeling of terrific relief I went to report to Lord Moran. He came to the bedside, listened and said, "He is breathing better now. You were quite right to call me."

What Better Place to Die?

I resumed my vigil outside the door. A little while later I heard Mr. Churchill moving about in the bedroom. I went in and found him groping around the dressing table. He looked at me with heavy eyes and asked for his sleeping tablets. I knew that they had been removed and played for time by pretending to look for them.

"Can't you find them, Thompson?" he said.

"No sir," I answered. "Shall I call your valet?" I knew he would not permit the valet to be disturbed.

"No, it doesn't matter," he said, and climbed back into bed. I went over to see that he was comfortable. He lay back on the pillow and said drowsily, "Thompson, I am tired out in body, soul and spirit."

"No, not in spirit, sir," I answered. "You are just very tired after a strenuous time. Now that the conferences are ended I hope that you will be able to get a little rest."

He lay back for a few minutes with his eyes closed. Then he looked at me and repeated: "Yes, I am worn right out. But" with returning animation — "all is planned and ready."

Suddenly he sat straight up in bed and flung out his arms, crying: "In what better place could I die than here, in the ruins of Carthage?" ★



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Hungry Enough to Eat a Horse?

Continued from page 25

portions of each to seven men and women on the newspaper's staff, the idea being to see if they could tell which was horsemeat and which beef.

Tommy Weeden from the composing room said steak No. 1 was horsemeat ("Mm-mm . . . good!"), and No. 2 was beef. Eleanor Putnam, a secretary, agreed with him. Fred Goodchild, the chief librarian, said it was just the other way round, and that he knew because steak No. 1 was more tender than No. 2. Columnist Jean Howarth sided with Fred. Ethel Post, the paper's shopping expert, said both steaks tasted alike to her and as far as she was concerned they could be beef or horsemeat. Dick Diespeker, radio director of the Province, couldn't tell the difference either. Sportswriter Alf Cottrell ate a mouthful of steak No. 1, said it tasted like the last horse he bet on, and didn't bother sampling No. 2 because he already knew what beef tasted like.

Both steaks were from the same horse.

Since those pioneer days, Sheila Craig, food columnist of the Winnipeg Tribune, has printed horsemeat recipes.

Although a lot of Canadians have taken happily to horsemeat right from the start, a lot of others resist the whole idea with great vigor on various grounds, chiefly because they're set in their eating habits and don't want to change, or because they have "humanitarian" scruples.

The Vancouver local of the International Woodworkers of America CCL passed a resolution early this summer opposing the use of horsemeat for human consumption, and felt strongly enough to hint that any camp cook who served it to them would be run clean out of the bush. And when the city council of New Westminster, B.C., was debating last July whether to grant licenses to sell horsemeat there, Alderman Elizabeth Wood was dead against it, saying she was born and raised on a farm and would no more eat horsemeat than human flesh. She added as a clincher that the horse was next to human in intelligence, a point few if any specialists in animal psychology are prepared to concede.

Signs of a Buying Jag

While Edmonton councilors were making up their minds to allow horsemeat to be sold in that city, a Mr. Patrick Ashby wrote to a local paper saying it would be a disgrace and a blow to Christian people. And Art Evans, an Edmonton newspaperman, suggested that "cowpokes of the breed that take care of their ponies first and themselves last are going to give the town a wide berth. No self-respecting waddy," he added, "is going to take a chance on having Old Paint pulled out from under him by a mob carrying salt shakers." Edmonton went ahead anyway and so did New Westminster.

There doesn't seem to have been any organized public resistance to horsemeat anywhere. That is not to say there haven't been enough cries of indignation and shouts of approval to make horsemeat the most controversial food issue this country has ever had apart from the recent nation-wide hassle over margarine. Most taxpayers in the cities and towns affected have just sat on the side lines, arguing the merits of horsemeat among themselves if they happen to be interested enough, and generally getting back sooner or later to the fundamental problem of the dizzy cost of beef.

In Toronto, for instance, the legal

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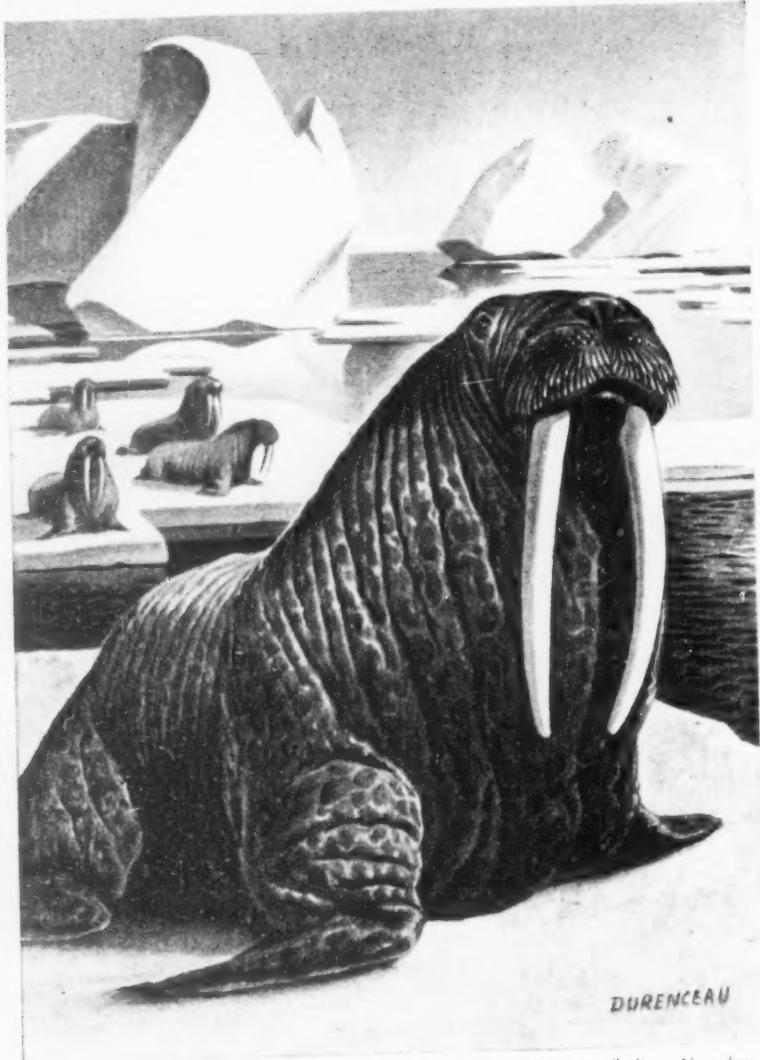
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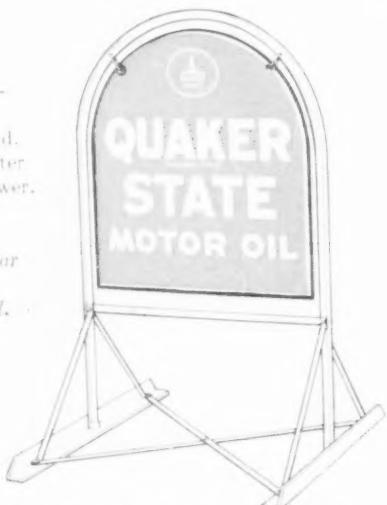
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sale of horsemeat first became a really live issue early last September, when a couple of Regina men applied for licenses to open horsemeat shops. They planned to open a chain of at least five stores in Toronto if they got the green light from the city.

While the Toronto municipal authorities debated, the citizens reacted to the prospect of getting to buy horsemeat pretty much as Edmontonians and Vancouverites had done before them. When the city fathers of Cornwall, Ont., came through with a by-law allowing horsemeat to be sold in stores not handling any other kind of meat, a local butcher-and-grocer cleared out his stock of standard meat and replaced it with horsemeat. When the Cornwall Standard-Freeholder sent a photographer round the morning of the second day to get pictures of the rush, there wasn't any rush: the butcher was already sold out.

Since the opening of horsemeat shops in Quebec there have been signs of a mild meat-buying jag, especially in the shops on the outskirts of Montreal. At the Pont Vieux store a butcher's delivery truck stopped outside the store and a boy got out of it, went into the store and bought two pounds of sirloin horsemeat. A truck driver bought eight slices of sirloin, each cut two inches thick. One old man, poorly dressed, bought four thick slices of steak. Other people, mostly French-speaking, buy steak in great pieces, six and eight pounds at a time.

The swift spread of horsemeat eating has already raised the question of how much horsemeat there is available, and how long the supply will last. Canadian consumption has reached maybe four hundred thousand pounds a week and is steadily increasing. But the horse population of Canada is just as steadily decreasing. In 1921 there were 3,610,494 horses on the country's farms, but by June 1950 there were only 1,683,000. And by the end of that year the horse population was 1,594,500, down almost another hundred thousand in six months.

These figures are for farm horses only and don't include the wild ranch horses which are our principal source of eating meat. The drop in farm horses is obviously due to their growing replacement by tractors and other machinery, and not to slaughtering for food. But although nobody knows for sure how many wild horses there are in Canada, it's certain there aren't nearly as many roaming the range as there are tame horses on farms. And the wild ones were being slaughtered for human food long before we began eating horsemeat here at home.

We've been exporting them for years to be eaten abroad, in France and

Holland and particularly in Belgium. From 1946 to 1949 alone, 55,000 were sent to Europe to become other people's steaks and stews. And the new domestic market is absorbing horsemeat by the carload every week, plus a much smaller but still considerable amount imported from the United States.

Apart from American imports, most of the horsemeat sold legitimately anywhere in Canada as from September 1951 came from one or other of the two plants of the Canadian Co-operative Processors Limited, at Swift Current, Sask., and Edmonton, Alta. That's because its plants were the only ones in this country approved by the federal government under the Meat and Canned Foods Act. And since almost without exception federal approval is a must wherever the sale of horsemeat is licensed by provincial or local authorities, that gave the Co-op a virtual monopoly.

Dynamite in the Chain Stores

It was started five years ago by a group of western farmers and ranchers who wanted to get rid of surplus horses on the ranges to conserve grass, and at the same time make some money. They did both. Since the beginning almost two hundred thousand prairie horses have been slaughtered for meat

more than thirty thousand of them in the year ending March 31, 1951. This represents a return to the Co-op members of nearly five and a half million dollars and a total turnover of at least fifteen million dollars so far of course almost entirely in export business besides conserving enough grass to support a good four hundred thousand cattle and other livestock.

The Co-op, and other outfits that may get approval in the future and start competing are obviously a heavy drain on the horse population. So far nobody in the country seems to have begun breeding horses specially to be eaten, and most well informed authorities agree that we'll have slaughtered and eaten our way clean through the supply of Canadian horses not needed for farm or other work by 1956 at the latest, and perhaps even a year or two earlier.

That's probably one of the main reasons why the big meat packers haven't so far bothered lobbying against the sale of horsemeat and apparently don't intend to. A representative of one of the biggest packers said horsemeat sales were undoubtedly hurting beef sales a little but not enough to be taken seriously, and he didn't think they ever would. He also said he expected to see the difference in price narrow down as the demand for horsemeat increased and the supply



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diminished, which would naturally lessen its bargain-appeal.

When I asked an official of one of the country's largest chain stores whether they were considering selling horsemeat he said: "Absolutely not. It's pure dynamite where we're concerned. And you can bet your life that goes for all the other chains."

Horsemeat can be dynamite on the illegal or black market side too—if something goes wrong and the law catches up. In Toronto in September R. F. Newton and Percy Boyd were convicted of selling horsemeat to certain of the city's retail meat dealers as boneless beef. The dealers were also charged with having sold it as beef, but the charges were dismissed when the magistrate was satisfied on the evidence of veterinarians that what the law calls "reasonable diligence" in examining the meat wasn't really enough to show it was horsemeat and not beef. But Newton was given a jail sentence of thirty days, which he appealed, and he and his employee Boyd were ordered to pay a total of close to a thousand dollars each in fines and costs. In late September a man in Montreal East was fined five hundred dollars for taking four carcasses of horses into his store.

Half a Ton on the Black

To show you how a horselegger operates I'm taking the facts I've gathered mostly from people who for various reasons can't be named but who know what they're talking about—and putting them all together into a kind of composite case-history that carries a typical black-market horsemeat deal from start to finish.

The deal begins one morning when a former legitimate butcher turned horselegger drives from the city to a village away out in the country. Near the village there's a slaughterhouse that looks like a big tumbledown barn with a few dirty once-white-washed open stalls alongside it. The owner of the slaughterhouse buys wornout old horses from the farmers of the district and kills them for sale to fox and mink breeders as animal food. The slaughterer also buys horses that have already died of old age or disease, or ailing horses whose farmer-owners have got tired of paying a veterinarian to look after them and want them destroyed.

He can sell the miserable and often infected meat perfectly legally for about eight or nine cents a pound because it's bought to feed animals and not people. But when the horselegger arrives with a small truck that morning and offers him sixteen to eighteen cents a pound for it, the slaughterer is delighted to sell him half a ton or so and no questions asked.

Since the horselegger's only place of business is a room in a boardinghouse, he has nowhere to store the stuff until he's ready for the next step in the transaction. So he drives to a legitimate meat-storage firm not too far from the centre of town, rents a freezing locker and stashes the horsemeat away in that. After which he goes the round of the retail butchers he deals with

—there are only four or five on his list—and offers them anything from fifty to five hundred pounds of boneless beef at fifty cents a pound, or whatever price the big legitimate meat wholesalers are quoting that day. The retail butchers bargain with him, he climbs down a couple of cents a pound, and they buy.

Later in the afternoon the horselegger drives up to his customers' back doors in an ordinary passenger car and delivers the horsemeat straight from the freezing-locker in big baskets—as boneless beef. The butchers, who may

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well have bought it in good faith, sell it for hamburger, either pure or mixed with real beef. And that's that. The butcher has saved himself two or three cents a pound, and the horselegger has made about thirty cents a pound profit.

Horsemeat that's sold legally and has been properly inspected is every bit as wholesome as the finest beef. And for all working purposes they're so much alike that, as I've repeatedly pointed out, most people can't tell one from the other.

Louis Verbeck, a Belgian who is the chief butcher in charge of Paul Poirier's Quebec stores, says that horsemeat has to be cut differently from beef by the butcher. You never saw through a bone in horsemeat, you cut around it, and all cuts of horsemeat are boneless. There are sixty-nine different cuts in horsemeat—proportionately more sirloin and more roast meat, which makes the sale more profitable.

Horsemeat boiled is not as good as beef, says Verbeck. Nor does it make good fresh sausage. But it is superior in bologna and salami. The liver and heart are good, but the kidneys are not. Colt brains and sweetbreads, he asserts, are better than veal. Horses between three and six are ideal for meat.

One interesting sidelight: White horses are not used for human consumption—something in the skin pigment spoils the meat.

Some horsemeat dealers wish they could find another word for their product just as pigmeat is called pork. Lew Sherwood, manager of Vancouver's Monarch Meat Co., has toyed with the idea of promoting "cheval." An editorial in the Vancouver Sun tried to be helpful by suggesting "Braised Ribs Seabiscuit," "Nag's Head Stew" and "Cold Cuts Paul Revere."

An Extra Bit of Bay

Since horsemeat is both leaner and a little drier than beef, some cooks advise wrapping roasts in aluminum foil to tenderize it and keep the rich juices in while it's in the oven, but I think it can be roasted just as well and maybe even better by whatever method you ordinarily use to roast beef. And the same goes for frying, grilling, braising, and every other cooking method there is.

There's just one thing. If you happen to be among the comparatively few people who are so sensitive to the slight sweetish taste of horsemeat that it puts them off it, maybe you'd do well to use it chiefly as a base for stews. And in that case put in an extra bit of bay leaf or whatever seasoning you generally use in your beef stews.

In one way horsemeat isn't really new in Canada at all. On the contrary it's as old as Canada. Because when the Rocky Mountains surged up from the heaving surface of the earth about forty-five million years ago they formed a great stone wall that sheltered their eastern slopes and the plains beyond them. And the climate behind the wall turned out to be exactly right for the development of a race of long-legged, weak-chinned little animals about the size of fox terriers, which were the direct ancestors of every horse now alive.

So when the Pony Market opened in Edmonton last March to sell eating horsemeat for the first time in Canada it was dealing in a product that made its first appearance anywhere on earth in those very parts. And now that horsemeat is rapidly becoming a normal sight on Canadian dinner tables as succulent tenderloin, fragrant pot-roast or savory stew, we're learning a mouthwatering new meaning for that expressive old phrase "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!" ★

De Bernonville!

Continued from page 11

Bernonville suddenly left Canada of his own free will the Federal Government breathed a sigh of relief and many of De Bernonville's earlier supporters were glad to see him go, too. He had had a succession of lawyers who, according to an official of the Department of Immigration, gave up their briefs when confronted by the mass of evidence accumulated against him.

Of all De Bernonville's allies Mayor Houde of Montreal seemed most anxious to forget the whole affair. When he heard that this magazine was conducting further enquiries into the De Bernonville case he was so angry he shouted: "You are hounding a man to his death. Even if he is guilty he has more than paid for his crimes."

Only with full knowledge of De Bernonville's story may Canadians judge the validity of this contention. That story, based on documents obtained in France, is told here for the first time. Copies of most of these documents have been in the possession of Maclean's for more than two years, as long as De Bernonville's case was before the courts. Maclean's was obliged to withhold them from publication on the good and necessary principle that a man who is under trial in the courts must not be simultaneously under trial in the Press. But now that De Bernonville has removed himself from the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts Maclean's feels the evidence should be published.

De Bernonville was born into a wealthy family at Auteuil, near Paris, in 1897. His father, Count René Dugé de Bernonville, was a naval engineer officer. His mother, the former Marie Touin, came of aristocratic, prosperous stock. The family was devoutly Roman Catholic. Jacques de Bernonville was tutored by Jesuit priests at Marnasse, Belgium. Throughout his life he never missed morning Mass. When he was eighteen he joined the crack Chasseurs Alpins as a lieutenant and fought brilliantly through the last two years of World War I. He was wounded several times and won the Croix de Guerre with six bars.

After 1918 he fought the rebel Druses in Syria where he won the Legion d'Honneur.

In 1922 he returned to civilian life, became a director of several important companies, and married Isabelle Ronin, daughter of a military and diplomatic family from Brittany. They had four daughters, Chantal, Françoise, Josianne, and Catherine, today between the ages of twenty and twenty-six. The two eldest are married to French naval officers.

His political opinions formed in the middle Twenties. From 1926 on he was deeply involved in the conspiracies of l'Action Française, an extreme right-wing movement with such strong Royalist and Roman Catholic views that both the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the Throne of France, and the Vatican were embarrassed by it and rejected its support.

Later De Bernonville joined La Cagoule the Hooded Men. This notorious party aimed to assume power by revolution under the pretext of saving France from the Communists. Its plan was to seize Paris in a few hours and set up a state modeled on Mussolini's Italy. The Cagoulards murdered two enemies of Mussolini, Carlo and Nello Roselli, Italian socialist journalists. They blew up the headquarters of an employers' association on the Rue Pressbourg in a manner reminiscent of the Reichstag fire in order to put the blame on Communists.

In January 1938 De Bernonville was sent to prison for his association with La Cagoule. But there was no direct evidence to implicate him in violence and he was released after three months.

When World War II broke out De Bernonville was mobilized in the Chasseurs Alpins once more. After the fall of France in 1940 every Frenchman still at liberty was faced with a bitter choice of conscience: to fight on, either abroad or underground, against desperate odds, to accept defeat and get along as well as possible with the conqueror, or to join the Germans in the hope that final Nazi victory would bring them fruits of office under Hitler's New Order.

De Gaulle took the first course. Pétain took the second. De Bernonville appears to have taken the third, or at best a combination of the second and third. In his dossier at the Sûreté Française in Paris, which corresponds to Scotland Yard, the RCMP and the FBI there is a statement that "De Bernonville threw himself into the struggle on the side of the Germans with all his strength and aided them in the diverse actions they took against the Patriots of France and the Allies."

One of his mentors was Abel Bonnard, Minister of Education in the Vichy Government, and an old Action Française comrade. Under Bonnard's direction De Bernonville organized La Légion des Combattants, a veterans' organization designed to protect the Vichy one-party system.

On Oct. 13, 1941, De Bernonville embarked at Marseilles with his wife and four children in the vessel Lamorière for Algiers where, according to his visa, he was "to take charge of the Vichy Government's General Commissariat for Jewish Questions." The visa was signed, Abel Bonnard.

He lived in Casablanca and in addition to administering Jewish matters according to Vichy's anti-Semitic precepts, he raised a force called Le Service de l'Ordre Légionnaire which busied itself in denouncing members of the Resistance in North Africa.

On July 19, 1942, De Bernonville wrote to Dr. Menetrel, personal secretary to Marshal Pétain, that he was "restless" and wanted to get back to France. He said he had his eye on La Légion Tricolore, a corps of French volunteers destined for service in Russia under German command. "La Légion Tricolore," he wrote, "appeals to me more and more as I notice that this and the Service de l'Ordre Légionnaire have so much in common."

He returned to Paris in September 1942, a month before the Allied invasion of North Africa. He established his own office at 12 Place Malesherbes and this became the headquarters of La Légion Tricolore and La Phalange Africaine, a new group raised to fight the Allies in Tunisia.

In 1943 as prospects of a German defeat grew stronger many Vichy officials began to get uneasy. Among them was De Bernonville. He resigned from La Légion Tricolore and La Phalange Africaine to join still another force called Le Corps de Volontaires Français.

The secret idea behind this corps was to suppress the existing Resistance until the Allies landed, then, when the Second Front was securely established, to become a new Resistance, turn on the Germans, and present all its personnel to the victorious Allies as heroes. Its secondary objective was to reinstate the monarchy in France after the armistice.

Innocent of the plot, the Germans sanctioned its formation. The corps was put under the command of the German Sturmbannführer S. S. Best with De Bernonville as liaison officer.

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THE **MUTUAL LIFE** of CANADA

But the corps lasted only fifteen days. Joseph Darnand, an old World War I brother officer of De Bernonville's, heard of its double game. Darnand was faithful to the Germans and was executed after the war for this loyalty. In 1943 he was commanding the Vichy Milice, which was instigated by Pierre Laval to fight the Resistance. Darnand regarded *Le Corps de Volontaires Français* not only as treacherous but as superfluous. Sûreté records show that on Darnand's suggestion the *Corps de Volontaires Français* was disbanded. They show further that Darnand bitterly reproached De Bernonville for identifying himself with such a defeatist movement.

Members of the Corps de Volontaires Francais were invited to join the German Waffen SS. Apparently to re-establish himself in Darnand's good graces, De Bernonville set the troopers an example. On Dec. 1, 1943, he enrolled in the 8th Brandebourg Unit of the Waffen SS. His number was 605.

One of several Waffen SS documents proving De Bernonville's membership deals with his payment of family allowances. De Bernonville's wife is listed as payee. But this is struck out and a note in pencil says the Countess should not be informed that her husband is a volunteer.

"But Shoot Without Hate"

In January 1944 Darnand forgave De Bernonville for his temporary loss of faith and offered him the post of commandant of the Forces for the Maintenance of Order in the Lyons district of central France. De Bernonville accepted. The troops under his command were Milice, most of whom were French liberated jailbirds.

De Bermonville carried out his duties with vigor. From early 1944 when he took this post to shortly before VE-Day in May 1945 his activities can be traced not only in the files of the French Sûreté but in sworn affidavits, photostatic copies of captured records, official Vichy journals and collaborationist newspapers which were later sent to Canada.

Torture by Electric Wire

Direct evidence of De Bernonville's part in torture about this time has reached Canada from Marcel Poitoux, a captured Maquisard, who testified: "They hanged me by the hands. I felt I had a load of two hundred pounds on my feet. De Bernonville was in the room and he ordered his men to go on torturing me to make me talk. At one point he lost his temper and hit me across the face."

Another Maquisard, René Moisson, who was eighteen at the time, says on oath that he was tortured in the presence of De Bernonville, adding: "My sister, aged 16, was beaten by De Bernonville himself and outrageously insulted."

The fullest statement, however, comes from Maurice Nedey, a garage proprietor in Chalon-sur-Saône. After the war Nedey was presented with the British King's Medal for Courage in the Cause of Freedom. The citation, written by Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, British Ambassador to France, says:

M. Nedey was head of a leading Resistance group in the Saône-et-Loire department of France. He organized several successful engagements against German patrols who tried to capture the material sent. M. Nedey was arrested in June, 1944, and horribly tortured. He was deported to Dachau and was recently repatriated to France.

Describing this torture Nedey says: "De Bernonville seated behind his desk merely gave orders and led the course of the interrogation. De Bernonville demanded the whereabouts of the Maquis; the names of high-ranking officers; the location of arms depots; the passwords for various parachute districts; the whereabouts of hidden

Continued on page 52

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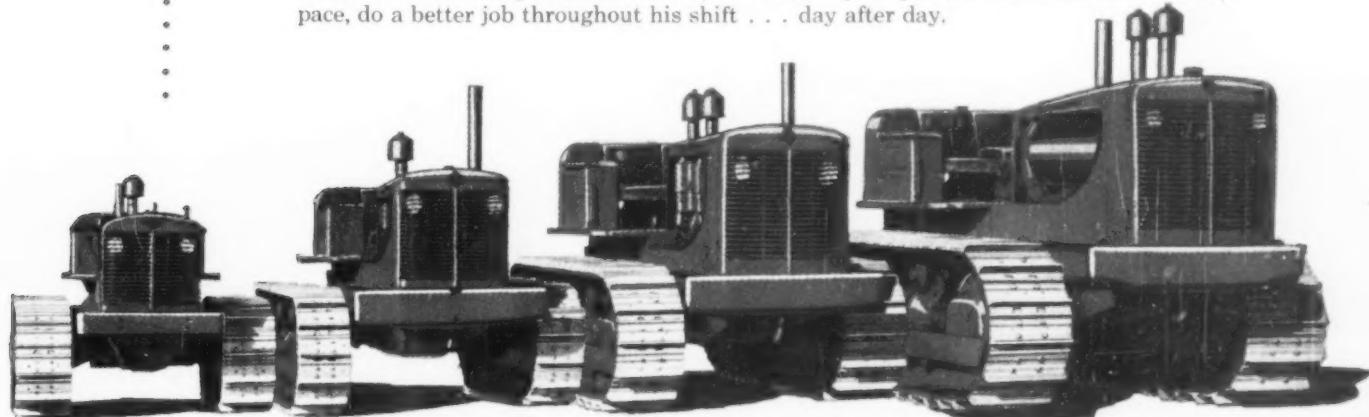
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Continued from page 50
British parachutists; and the source of our orders.

"They spat on me, hit me with their fists, kicked me in the stomach. I warded off the blows as much as I could. One of them lashed me across the stomach with a whip and I thought I would vomit. I dropped to the floor time after time but they immediately made me get on my feet again by kicking me in the sides.

"De Bernonville gave such orders as: 'Make him talk!' 'Stop!' 'Continue!' He said: 'It's in your interests to talk and tell us all.' 'I'm in a hurry and have no time to waste.'

"He (De Bernonville) commanded my torturers to use electricity on me. They took a wire, which they spliced, attaching half to my handcuffs and pricking me with the other half, thus causing burns.

"I curled up like a worm, crying out like a madman. To keep me from moving they passed a chair under my arm, blocking me against the wall.

"De Bernonville was impassive. I begged him to have pity and I recited prayers. These various tortures lasted all day with a three-quarters-of-an-hour rest at noon and ended at seven at night. Then De Bernonville made me sign an admission which I had not even read."

Nedey adds that he pleaded not to be handed over to the Germans. De Bernonville promised not to do this. A few days later De Bernonville broke his promise and Nedey was sent to Germany after a rubber strapping by the Gestapo. The French Embassy in Canada says Nedey was not and is not a Communist.

A photostatic copy of the Journal Officiel de L'Etat Français, dated July 8 1944, contains a citation to Jacques de Bernonville for showing courage on numerous occasions in his maintenance of order in the Saône-et-Loire department. The citation is signed by Pierre Laval.

A MYSTERIOUS ATLANTIC CROSSING

What happened to De Bernonville after D-Day is related by his former private secretary, Louis Mace, who wrote a sworn statement on his arrest in Germany in 1945. He says about the end of June 1944, three weeks after the second front had been launched, De Bernonville was moved from Chalon-sur-Saône to Lyons. On August 23, two days before the Allies entered Lyons, De Bernonville fled with Colonel Dernbach, Major Kopf and Captain Evens of the Wehrmacht counter-espionage.

Mace says many of the Milice followed the German retreat. The Germans got the idea of using them as intelligence and sabotage agents behind the Allied lines. De Bernonville volunteered. He took a short training course at Wissembourg, in Alsace-Lorraine, and was parachuted in the vicinity of Chartres on September 20, 1944. He took with him, says Mace, three men, a radio and three million francs (thirty thousand dollars at today's rate of exchange).

From this moment nothing was heard of De Bernonville until he turned up in Montreal four years later. The Sûreté says: "Investigations have been made to find out how De Bernonville got to Canada but these have all proved unfruitful."

Whether the De Bernonville family left together is not known, nor is it known how they got across the Atlantic. An unconfirmed report in the Montreal Star says De Bernonville reached Canada with the aid of "religious groups" after hiding in several French monasteries. He has admitted

that he entered Canada from the United States at Rouses Point on the Quebec - New York border in November 1946.

Although he was not there to defend himself De Bernonville was sentenced to death on Oct. 8, 1947, in the Court of Justice at Toulouse, a large city in the French Midi. He was found guilty of:

In France and North Africa, notably in Paris, Lyons and Rabat, between 1940 and 1944, in time of war, engaging in intelligence with foreign powers, especially Germany or her agents, with a view to favoring the operations of such powers against France; and of working in agreement with German agents for the organization of Le Corps des Volontaires Français and La Phalange Africaine, and of introducing into North Africa missions for sabotage; and of handing over to the Germans two Frenchmen detained in prison.

Marc Lambert, a reporter on *France-Soir*, a Paris evening newspaper, made enquiries on behalf of Maclean's in Toulouse. He reported: "The court was composed of three magistrates and seven jurors. It is possible that a certain number of these were Communists. At that time the law decreed that none could be jurors 'but citizens who have never ceased to prove their national sentiments.' In virtue of this clause those called upon were invariably members of the old Resistance organizations, among whom were Communists."

Meanwhile Jacques de Bernonville, living as Jacques Benoit, had established himself in Canada. He had worked as a lumberjack, a mechanic, a chauffeur, an auto-wash hand, and then got a job as salesman for a textile company. Later he became salesman for a surgical instruments company and an insurance company.

About the time he was tried *in absentia* in France three former members of the French underground who had emigrated to Canada recognized De Bernonville on the streets of Montreal.

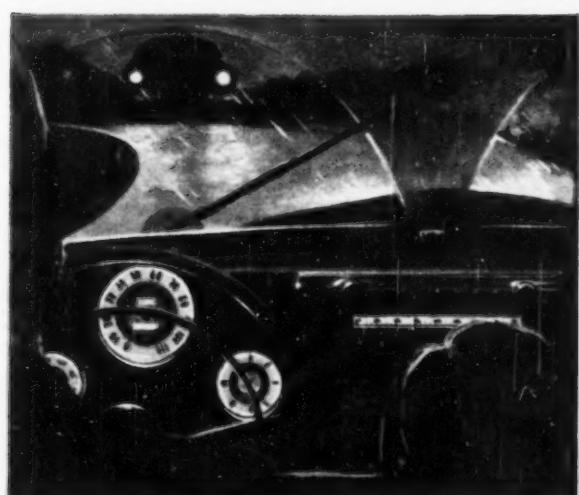
One of them was Lieut.-Col. Marcel Pichard, a French Army officer who escaped from North Africa in 1941 and joined General De Gaulle's Free French Forces in England. He landed in France by parachute and boat several times during the German occupation on intelligence missions. In 1943 he commanded B.O.A. (Air Operations Bureau) which selected and guarded fifteen hundred parachute sites for clandestine landings and the delivery of arms to the Maquis. Many French politicians and soldiers who rallied to De Gaulle were flown out of France by Pichard's organization. He worked underground with Resistance movements in preparation for the invasion. His code names were Gauss, Pic and Bell. His decorations include the British OBE.

When he recognized De Bernonville Pichard was working for a Montreal finance company. Today he is working for a French perfume company in New York. He hated being on the same continent as De Bernonville. Pichard owed his own life to the courage of Maurice Nedey during a chase by the Gestapo over the rooftops of Dijon. He could never forget how Nedey had been tortured.

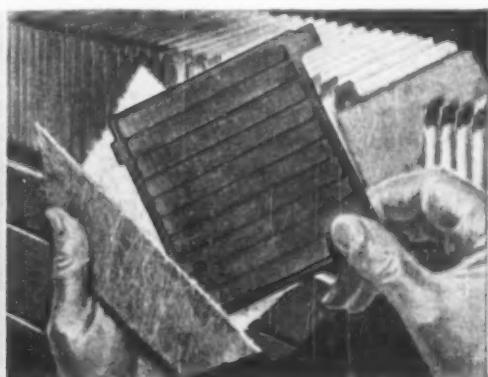
The Maquis veterans in Canada reported De Bernonville's presence to the RCMP but their information was at this time so sketchy no action could be taken. Pichard wrote to France and began to accumulate documentary evidence against De Bernonville. Some of it was used in this article.

Continued on page 54

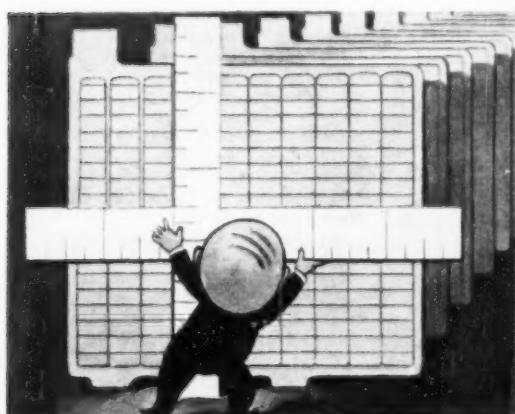
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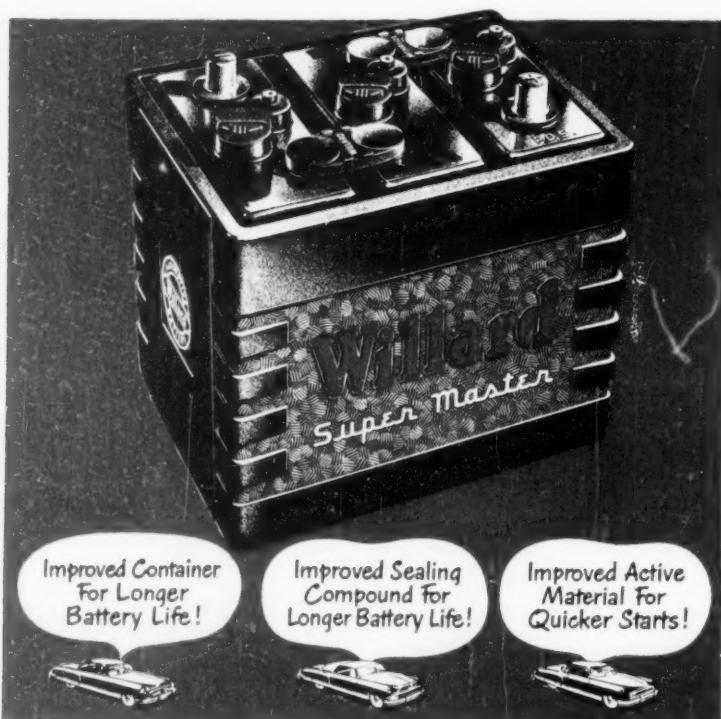
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Continued from page 52

De Bernonville seems to have sensed danger. In the early summer of 1948, according to a newspaper gossip column, his wife got tired of being plain Madame Benoit and told a number of people at a fashionable cocktail party that she was in fact the Countess de Bernonville.

In June 1948 he went to the Department of Immigration's Montreal bureau, admitted illegal entry and applied for permanent residence. He was then identified for certain by the ex-Maquin men who at the time asked that their names be kept secret because they "feared reprisals" in Montreal.

The news was flashed to France where the Press made a splash of De Bernonville's whereabouts. The case rose to diplomatic levels. M. Franck Gay, then French Ambassador to Ottawa, suggested unofficially that Canada could remain clear of an embarrassing entanglement in a purely French affair by placing De Bernonville on a French ship in Montreal. When the ship cleared Canadian waters the count would be arrested. At no time did the French Government officially ask for the extradition of De Bernonville. The French left it to Canada to take what action she thought fit.

Solely on the basis of their illegal entry a deportation order was issued against the De Bernonville family. In accordance with the law they were given sixty days to leave the country. The expiry date was Sept. 1, 1948.

By Sept. 2 the De Bernonville daughters, Francoise and Chantal, had returned to France. But De Bernonville himself, with his wife and daughters Catherine and Josianne, were still in Montreal. The four were escorted to the Immigration Bureau cells in Montreal and detained.

De Bernonville was now hitting headlines daily and Montreal's Mayor Camille Houde jumped into the picture. Houde went to the Montreal offices of the British United Press and dictated a blast against the Federal Government in which he termed the deportation order "a crying injustice."

All over Quebec voices were suddenly raised on De Bernonville's behalf. Dr. Philippe Hamel, a former member of the Quebec Provincial Legislature, formed a committee to "protect" De Bernonville. In a Press release he said:

The bureaucrats at Ottawa have decided to deliver up the count knowing it would be his death warrant. We Canadians and Catholics do not wish our Government to become an accomplice to such an assassination. We are determined to take all legitimate means available to prevent such an iniquity.

Almost immediately the Countess de Bernonville was released on bail of one thousand dollars while her husband and two daughters remained in jail.

The Countess Went Home

A group of Quebec King's Counsel, Bernard Bourdon, Emery Beaulieu, Frédéric Dorion and Noel Dorion, banded together to defend De Bernonville. "In the recent war," said Bourdon, "the Count fought honorably for France and her Allies. He was wounded thirty-two times and twenty times cited for valor."

In the Montreal Superior Court they obtained a writ of habeas corpus from Mr. Justice Alfred Savard. This laid the onus on the Department of Immigration to show cause why it should deprive the count of his liberty.

On Sept. 22, twenty days after their detention, De Bernonville and his daughters were released. They resumed their normal life in Montreal.

Legal proceedings continued for six

months and on Feb. 1, 1949, Mr. Justice Cousineau of the Quebec Superior Court upheld the writ of habeas corpus. He also decided that the board which had ordered De Bernonville deported was illegally constituted since it did not have the required three members.

The Department of Mines and Resources was, at that time, responsible for immigration questions and the Minister, the Hon. James A. McKinnon, promised Parliament that a new board would be set up strictly in accordance with required formalities.

More than two years elapsed.

Legal proceedings stagnated. But outside the courts there were vociferous arguments for and against De Bernonville.

One reason for the delay may have been two changes in Ministers at the Department of Mines and Resources. Some apologists for the government have maintained it was probably the transfer of Immigration to a new department that really held up proceedings.

Finally, on Feb. 16 this year, another immigration board ordered De Bernonville deported for the second time. A provision in the law enables a person under such an order to appeal to the responsible minister. De Bernonville took immediate advantage of this. After consideration Hon. Walter E. Harris, the new Minister for Immigration and Citizenship, and the fourth to be involved in this *cause célèbre*, upheld the board's action.

Some Smelled a Plot

De Bernonville, his wife and two daughters were once again given sixty days to quit Canadian soil. But on March 27, before the time expired, De Bernonville's lawyers asked for another writ of habeas corpus. This was granted by Mr. Justice Roger Brossard in the Montreal Superior Court. The writ ordered J. M. Langlais, superintendent of Immigration in Montreal, to bring De Bernonville to the court next day to justify the "deprivation of the liberty of the individual which, the latter alleges, is illegal."

On March 28 the case came before Mr. Justice Maurice Lalonde of the Montreal Superior Court. Justice Lalonde postponed the hearing of a writ of habeas corpus until June 5, a period of almost three months. De Bernonville and his family were released on five hundred dollars bail. Soon afterward the Countess, with Catherine and Josianne, returned to France. But De Bernonville remained.

When the case was resumed in June Guy Favreau, representing the Department of Immigration, and Jacques Perrault, De Bernonville's latest lawyer, were given until Aug. 15 to file their written arguments with a judge of the Superior Court. Whether this was done is uncertain. But it hardly mattered. De Bernonville left Canada on Aug. 17 and there was no longer any need for final judgment.

The long intervals between the protracted legal proceedings were filled with angry arguments outside the courts. Jean Bonnel, a wealthy Montreal businessman, told the Press that evidence against De Bernonville "comprised a tissue of lies built up by the Communists against a great Roman Catholic, a great Frenchman and a great hero."

Frédéric Dorion, KC, then Federal MP for Charlevoix-Saguenay, said: "I do not hesitate to state that if the French citizen referred to were a Communist Jew instead of a French Roman Catholic we would not have heard of him in this house."

Continued on page 56

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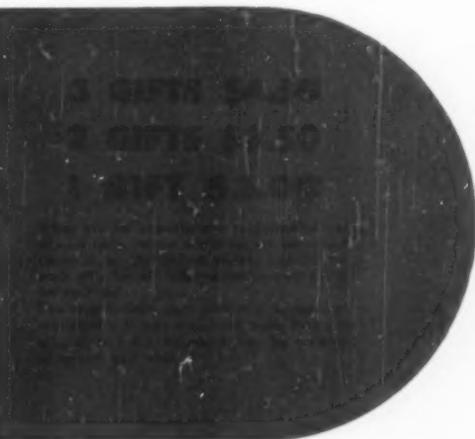
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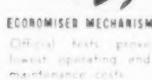
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Continued from page 54

The Quebec newspapers entered the fray. Le Petit-Journal, which often favors Premier Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale Government, discovered from an anonymous source that "a Judeo-Masonic-Communist plot" was in operation.

But not all Canadiens favored De Bernonville. Le Canard, a humorous weekly with liberal tendencies, printed a cartoon by Robert La Palme. This showed De Bernonville riding in a swanky car with Mayor Houde, Jean Bonnel, and Robert Rumilly, a Montreal historian who has occasionally played the part of local apologist for Vichy. They are turning round to look at a one-legged Canadian soldier standing on crutches beside a garbage can. And De Bernonville is saying: "Lo Sucker!" Gustave Jobidon, a Quebec City notary, referring to the deportation order, cabled former Premier Schuman of France: "French Canada is scandalized. Vive Pétain! Vive De Bernonville!"

De Bernonville himself told a press conference: "I cannot bring all the facts to bear. I wish I could. But it would be like ordering friends before the firing squad." He added: "The Communists want my head."

The Press of France was stunned by this defense of a man who was commonly accepted as a traitor. The anti-Communist paper L'Aurore said: "It seems impossible that Canadian justice does not honor the legitimate wishes of France, a friendly nation, for the expulsion of a man who contributed to her four years of martyrdom."

The socialist Le Populaire thundered: "M. Camillien Houde seems to ignore the fact that it is not for political acts De Bernonville is wanted but for acts of collaboration with the Nazis who were also Canada's enemies."

The right-wing La Presse tried to pour oil on troubled waters by reminding its readers: "The Anglo-Saxon countries have great respect for those who in these troubled times do not forget the old English tradition of right of sanctuary."

At home some English-speaking Canadians opposed the expulsion of De Bernonville. Julian Ferguson, Progressive Conservative MP for Simcoe North, said De Bernonville had been tried in France by a court "greatly tinged with the ideals of Communism." He added: "A man would have to stretch his imagination to believe that France is in a position to give a man an absolutely fair trial."

He Saved A Canadian

There is no doubt that many post-war trials handled by special courts set up in emergency were used to work off old scores in the dark and secret chronicles of the French underground. Many recent histories show the French underground fought well on the Allied side in the war but while doing so Maquisards were often divided among themselves as to what sort of political regime should follow once victory was won. Owing to their conspiratorial training the Communists were among the most efficient in the Resistance movement. And after the war they were so vociferous about it that they gave the impression outside of being the most numerous. Actually they comprised about twenty percent.

There was some evidence in favor of De Bernonville. Major Antoine A. Masson, MC, a Canadian Army Officer who was taken prisoner at Dieppe, stepped forward to say that De Bernonville had saved his life together with that of Lieut-Cdr. Michael Redvers

Prior, RN. After escaping from the Germans, said Masson, they reached unoccupied France where they were interned. Soon afterward they were permitted to escape in a simulated break under orders from De Bernonville.

Unfortunately for De Bernonville this was the only incident outlined in specific terms to support the theory that he was in fact secretly devoting himself to the Allied cause while serving Vichy.

De Bernonville was seen off at Montreal Airport for Brazil on Aug. 17 by his lawyer Jean Perrault and two friends, M. and Mme. Jacques Fichet of Montreal. He was carrying a safe-conduct issued to him by J. S. de Fonseca Hermes Jr. who is described as "Minister Plenipotentiary in Charge of the Brazilian Consulate in Montreal." This recommended that De Bernonville be allowed to become a permanent resident of Brazil.

When he reached Brazil on Aug. 22 De Bernonville immediately asked for "police protection against the Nazis." He told reporters that he was going to stay with the Braganza family, descendants of Brazil's former royal household. Immediately Dom Pedro Orleans E. Braganza was quoted as saying he had never met De Bernonville and accused him of "abusing the family name." The latest report says De Bernonville is a guest at St. Anthony's Monastery in Rio de Janeiro.

"Now Hiding In A Convent"

Why did so many people in Quebec want de Bernonville to stay in Canada? I asked many of his defenders, including Mayor Houde. Houde waved his arms, emphasizing he had nothing to say about De Bernonville. During his arguments, however, he made the following statements. They are not necessarily in exact context because he waved away my notebook. But they were written down immediately after the interview at which there was a witness.

"I would advise you not to stir up trouble in this case as it is bigger than you think . . . You are hounding a man to his death . . . You are being sensational . . . You are judging him here, making my office a courtroom . . . He was defended on the principle of sanctuary for political refugees . . . He is now hiding in a convent in Brazil to keep away from the Press . . . His family is in France and the French Government will not let them leave to join him in Brazil . . . Even if he is guilty he has more than paid for his crime . . ."

I asked Mayor Houde whether he would care to see documents from which we have quoted in this article. "I have seen all you have to show," he said, "and more. The case is closed."

In Ottawa a French diplomat said: "The supporters of De Bernonville probably took up his defense without knowing his true background. Then they became prisoners of their previous position. Very humiliating."

A month before he left Canada for Brazil De Bernonville wrote to Le Monde, France's most precise, reliable conservative and scholarly daily: "I never fought in the ranks of the Germans. I never directed the Milice in Lyons. I have never worn a German uniform. I have never directed operations supervised by the SS . . ."

An editorial commented: "There can be no doubt that if De Bernonville chose to redress his absence he would find in France today judges who would recognize the truth and pronounce what is right. Why, if he is so innocent, does he not come here and justify himself?" ★

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at all druggists 20¢ and 40¢ per tin

The First Fuller Brush Man

Continued from page 21

your father I don't want to wrestle him. I just want to sell him a new mop."

Fuller's reaction to this is that the salesman might have tried to sell the lad's old man a shaving brush, but that if he wanted to sell a mop he would have waited until Mom was home, mops being bought by housewives, not their husbands. In short, Fuller regards the sale of brushes as a serious matter.

He admits that the gags have had a certain publicity value and have tended to diminish consumer resistance to the door-to-door huckster.

Six foot one, broad-shouldered, Fuller weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. His nose and ears are generously proportioned, he has a close-cropped grey mustache, and his brown eyes are sharp but kindly under bushy black brows. His bald head and his face definitely a pleasant face are bronzed by the sun, for he is a chronic golfer who dislikes hats.

He speaks hesitantly, in a low voice, and when his breezy and articulate wife, Primrose, is with him it is she who keeps the conversation flowing. It is also "Prim" who dispenses the liquid refreshments when the Fullers have guests.

Fuller is an ardent champion of the simple way of life. It is characteristic of him that although the company's two airplanes are always at his disposal, and he has a Cadillac, a Packard and a Buck, his favorite vehicle is a bicycle.

The Fullers have a fourteen-room residence at Hartford, Conn., where Dad has his head office and his principal factory, but from spring to fall they stay at the Nova Scotia coastal town of Yarmouth with Prim's mother, Mrs. Charles Pelton, who has a big wooden house next to the Central United Church Tabernacle and across the street from the Yarmouth Public Library.

Dad is rated as a multimillionaire but he mows Mrs. Pelton's lawn himself. He is pleased when his wife or his mother-in-law (who is a judge's widow) sends him to the butcher shop for a couple of pounds of lamb chops or to the drugstore for a tube of toothpaste because this is an excuse for hopping on his trusty bike and wheeling through the crooked streets.

Sometimes he likes to revisit the old farmhouse where he was born, at tiny Welsford, a hundred and fifty miles from Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia's apple-growing Annapolis Valley. He sleeps there in the same room in which he slept as a boy, on the same lumpy mattress, because he is a sentimentalist.

It was on the family farm that the world's most famous huckster laid the foundation for his success — although he didn't realize it then. There are Maritimers who can put haywire to more uses than you can count, from fixing wagons to catching fish, and Fuller's brother Dwight was one of them. If he needed a gun cleaner Dwight would twist strips of rag between two strands of haywire, and if he wanted a brush he would substitute hog bristles for the rag. From Dwight, Alfred learned the rudiments of brush-making.

By watching itinerant peddlers display their merchandise to his mother, and trying to fathom why some were quickly dismissed while others not only sold goods but were treated to tea and doughnuts, he learned the ABC of selling.

His rural upbringing also gave him strong muscles, a deep and abiding faith in God, and the old-fashioned virtues of thrift, industry and honesty.

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More room on top!



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Electric Range takes up no more
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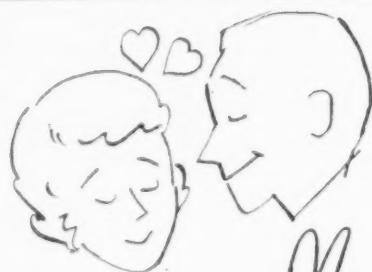
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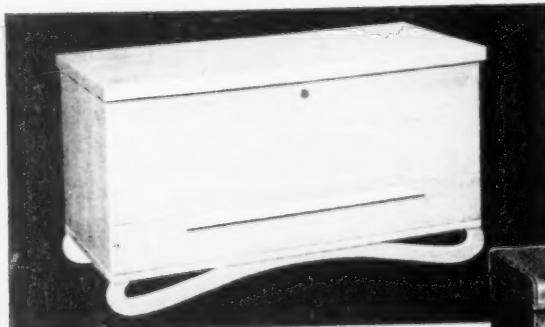
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with HIGH CLOSET



Now is the time to see those lovely...



B30 — about 42" long with full length drawer, in satin smooth oak. Also in grey oak, mahogany, toasted mahogany, walnut and grey walnut.



C39 — About 45" long. Highly polished butt and stripe walnut chest, with long drawer. Look for Red Seal's special features.

At better stores across Canada

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a steam-heated house. I just said, 'Now this is our radiator brush.' The woman grabbed it and started brushing between the flanges of a radiator. In that way I found out the purpose of the brush."

He earned more money selling brushes than he had ever earned before. Within a year he had saved three hundred and seventy-five dollars. He invested fifteen dollars of this in a hand-operated wire-twisting device and sixty-five dollars in wire, bristles and wooden handles, and went into the manufacturing as well as the retailing end of the brush business. His sister, Mrs. Walter Gleason, let him use her basement as a workshop.

Dad Fuller cranked out bath, clothes, hand and floor brushes by night and peddled them by day. When Bostonians seemed to have all the brushes they required at the moment he took a train to other places. One of them was Hartford, which impressed him as being a fine city. Late in 1906 he moved to Hartford, rented a shed for eleven dollars a month, and formed the Capitol Brush Company. Six years later he was surprised to learn that there was another and older Capitol Brush Company; he renamed his own concern, which has since been the Fuller Brush Company.

Fuller kept meticulous account of his expenditures and still has records which show that his disbursements in March, 1907, included ten cents for stamps, twenty cents for a wrench, and sixty cents for express charges. At one stage he doubted whether his enterprise could

survive. That was in October, 1908, when his balance in the City Bank of Hartford dropped to \$72.79.

He weathered the crisis and by July, 1909, his balance had increased to five hundred and twenty-three dollars and seventy six cents. Meanwhile he had married and he had hired a six-dollar-a-week helper, Philip Coltri, who is now one of his executives.

With Coltri as an assistant he could turn out brushes faster than he could peddle them himself. He was soon recruiting salesmen in New York, New England and Pennsylvania. By 1910 he had twenty-five men in the field, six in his factory.

To expand he needed more salesmen and they were hard to find. He solved the problem by inserting a ten-dollar advertisement in Everybody's, then a magazine of national circulation in the U.S. Within a week he had forty-five enquiries from men interested in selling brushes and within a month he had hundreds. There was so much mail to be answered that he engaged a secretary, Ruby Perkins. Like Coltri she's still with him and is now assistant-treasurer of the company.

According to Dad Fuller it was the ten-dollar magazine ad that transformed his small organization into a big one. In 1911 his sales force numbered one hundred. In 1913 he set up his company with a capitalization of fifty thousand dollars and elected himself president, treasurer and a director.

Dad, who is fond of remarking that he started his own business "because

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



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Today you can have
all the Advantages of an
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rust-free
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Gor-Ray offer you every-day skirts — with a future! Beautifully cut, and beautifully finished, in British-loomed pure woollens — they keep good-looking through many years of wear. When you shop — look for the Gor-Ray label — there's a Gor-Ray skirt in a cloth, a style and a size to suit you.

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I felt it would be nice to exert a measure of control over the duration of my employment," now has twenty-seven hundred permanent employees. These are his factory workers and members of his office staff at Hartford, Albany, N.Y., and Hamilton, Ont., and salaried field managers scattered throughout this continent. His Hamilton plant, built in 1921 to make brushes for Canada, has three hundred and fifty on the payroll.

Besides his twenty-seven hundred employees, Dad has his seventy-eight hundred Fuller Brush Men and forty-five hundred Fuller Brush Girls. The Fuller Brush Men and the Fuller Brush Girls are not employees but independent dealers "just as independent," he says, "as the storekeeper on Main Street."

They establish credit with the company, buy from it wholesale, and sell retail to the public. The average markup on their one hundred and thirty-five items of merchandise is thirty-three and one-third percent. The toughest part of their job is persuading housewives to let them come in and display their wares. Dad himself, early in his career, found that a free gift was an effective door opener. The gift the Fuller Brush Man presents to you if he's inside your house but not unless he's inside — is a vegetable brush. It is known among the initiated as the Handy and costs the salesman three cents.

In addition to originating the Handy, Dad Fuller originated the "big five" method of selling. This consists of: 1. naming the brush; 2. explaining how it is used; 3. telling what it's made of; 4. stating the price; 5. telling why it is worth that much.

Married Women With Make-Up

Fuller, who realizes his salesmen are the backbone of his business, had a statistician dig up facts and prepare a report on them. This indicates that the composite Fuller Brush Man is forty, has a high-school education, has been married twelve and a half years, has two children, and drives a seven-year-old car eight hundred miles a month. He has two thousand families in his territory and calls on twenty housewives a day, his best prospect being a young matron in a good residential neighborhood. He chalks up a sale for each three calls.

Cartoons to the contrary, he is seldom if ever greeted with outstretched arms by a beautiful siren who wears nothing but a transparent negligee and an enticing smile. Dogs are his worst occupational hazard and he is bitten once every four years; his outdoor recreations are fishing, gardening, hunting and going to baseball games; and his favorite entertainer is Red Skelton, who starred in the 1948 movie, *The Fuller Brush Man*. According to Dad Fuller, a Fuller Brush Man should earn eighty dollars a week if he has a fair-to-middling personality and plenty of endurance. But he has to have the right kind of temperament or he can't stick at it.

Much less is known about the Fuller Brush Girl but it seems improbable that she looks like Lucille Ball, who played the title role in the picture, *The Fuller Brush Girl*. Fuller Brush Girls are termed Fullerettes by the company and their operations are confined to the United States. Most of them are married women who earn enough to clothe and help feed the kids by peddling a popular-priced line of cosmetics manufactured by Daggett and Ramsdell and distributed by Fuller. The only brushes the Fullerettes handle are designed for applying cosmetics.

When Red Skelton and Lucille Ball were rehearsing their lines for their Fuller Brush movies, Dad Fuller coached them himself. He felt Skelton's film would enhance the prestige of Fuller Brush Men and visited Hollywood, where he introduced Skelton to the "big-five" sales routine and talked the comedian into actually selling brushes from house to house for two days in preparation for his part. Neither picture, he says, was true to life and both overglamorized an occupation which is "not easy at best . . . and rather fatiguing." Yet Dad liked them.

He was in Yarmouth when *The Fuller Brush Man* was shown and on the opening night Fuller handed out four hundred and fifty free brushes at the theatre and mounted the stage to deliver a lecture on a subject dear to his heart — namely, bristles. As he anticipated, the stunt boomed the sale of his products in southern Nova Scotia.

Polishing Apples, Scrubbing Skins

The Fuller Brush Company, mostly owned by Dad and other members of his family, not only makes the brushes marketed by Fuller Brush Men, but industrial brushes of all kinds — such as brushes for machines that polish apples and machines that scrub sausage skins. It also produces ninety percent of the brushes for all vacuum cleaners manufactured in North America and special brushes (weapon cleaners) for the armed forces.

In recent years Dad Fuller has relied more and more on his two sons, Howard, thirty-eight and Avard, thirty-four. Howard, educated at Harvard and Duke, is both an aviation enthusiast and a yachtsman. Unlike his father, he smokes, drinks more than one Scotch at a sitting and doesn't go to church. Like his father, he takes his work seriously so much so that he invented a complicated brushmaking machine and is married to a girl from Nova Scotia, the former Dora Baker of Yarmouth. They have a son and two daughters. Tall bespectacled Howard is now president of the company, Dad having promoted himself to the less exacting post of chairman of the board.

Golf and Grills for Workers

Avard Fuller, now vice-president in charge of sales, is married, has a boy and a girl, and is keen about model railroads.

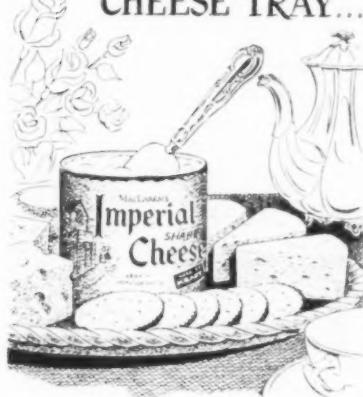
Howard, Avard and the other advisers of kindly Dad Fuller say it's hard to prevent him from "giving his shirt away." His Hartford plant, set among broad green lawns, could be mistaken for an ultramodern high school, and his labor relations are such that he has yet to have a strike. Employees at Hartford can buy a meat-and-potato meal for half what it would cost them at a restaurant run for profit. And, thanks to Dad, they have a twenty-two-acre park with a nine-hole golf course, baseball diamonds, outdoor grills and picnic tables, and a clubhouse complete with bar.

Alfred Fuller is so openly generous with what he has that the Hartford Times commented editorially: "Indeed, when Hartford views the civic and philanthropic activities of Mr. Fuller, it might well conclude that it could scarcely do without him." In his native Nova Scotia he is equally esteemed.

"Old Al," declares a lifelong friend at the sleepy village of Welsford, "has certainly brushed his way from rags to riches but he's still the same nice guy." ★

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NATURAL CHEDDAR CHEESE
WITH THAT REAL

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It takes a year or more of aging in Kraft's curing cellars, under the watchful care of master cheesemakers, to bring this distinguished cheese to the perfect degree of sharpness that connoisseurs demand.

MacLaren's is versatile . . . equally delicious in appetizers, sandwiches, or as a dessert. Its piquant flavour is perfect for special occasions, and remember, the family loves it too! Keep it handy, so they can enjoy its rich cheddar goodness often in tempting snacks. Cheeselovers agree, MacLaren's is truly a masterpiece of the cheesemaker's art.

**MAC LAREN'S
Imperial SHARP
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"The aristocrat of sharp cheddars"

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and please everyone on your list with a personalized gift. Attractive styles and colours permanently woven on fine tape. Easy to apply by sewing or with No-So Cement. Made in Canada. Order early from your dealer or

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CASH'S NAMES
3 doz. \$1.80; 9 doz. \$3.00
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Montreal Night Out

Continued from page 17

the Bolshevik revolution ("Was off at first look"), produced the show at the Folies Bergère in Paris for ten years then came to America. Their French Casino show at the Chicago World's Fair was so good that rivals threw stink bombs at the performers. This failed to deter them. "I take perfume around to the girls, tell them keep working," Natalie recalls. They worked for Earl Carroll and the Shuberts in New York, then from 1940 at the rip-roaring Latin Quarter on Broadway. It was here that Holmok found them. They now produce thirteen shows a year for him and two for the Latin Quarter, commuting between the two cities in a 1951 Mercury convertible which Natalie drives at a steady eighty mph.

The Komaroffs put the same loving care into a floor show as Benvenuto Cellini put into his engraved salt cellars. With them it is an art that manages to transcend the tired routines familiar to most night-club patrons all over the continent. Usually North American programs call for just a couple of fast rehearsals by the chorus line and a musical run-over with the orchestra. But the Komaroffs tolerate no such nonsense.

The girls in the handsome Bellevue chorus really earn their money by doing routines that emerge from the fertile mind and long experience of Mme. Komarova. The routines aren't easy. Usually they are around a theme: Old Vienna, Spanish, Hawaiian, *Gaieté Parisienne*, Carmen — whatever the Komaroffs may have dreamed up between productions, which run for four weeks. All acts are made to fit this theme. Frequently name acts find their favorite routines scrapped because they don't fit in.

In addition to the three or four big acts which are booked the Komaroffs hire two or three singers and two or three dancers, who "dress" the production at the right moments with their wifes. As for that familiar North American standby, the master of ceremonies, often he isn't seen at all, but makes his announcements from a backstage mike. Talking comedians are rare at the Bellevue; they slow down the show. Sight acts like tumblers, dancers, acrobats, or musical novelty acts usually fill up the bill.

Between productions the Komaroffs scout New York for talent. A new show opens every fourth Thursday. On the Sunday before the Komaroffs come to town, the captain of the chorus line is briefed on the theme of the new show and the chorus of eight goes into rehearsal, from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. each day. The singers and the specialty dancers work with them. By about Tuesday the name acts are worked in and Thursday afternoon sees the dress rehearsal.

The dress rehearsal is sometimes better than the show. George Komarov sits at a ringside table, with a clock, a notebook and a couple of chocolate bars. He runs back and forth from time to time, conferring with band-leader Bix Belair. Madame stands down front, nervously watching, then interrupting to clear up confusions in the newly learned routines. The captain of the line moves like a well-trained sheep dog with her flock. The lights are set and reset. Fred Hickey, who handles the big carbon arc light at the back of the hall, comes in for a lot of direction from Madame, most of it incomprehensible to everyone but Hickey: "Heekee! Are you white or peen? Is peenk, is lousy peenk. Always the same old teen." And a fatalistic shrug. But when the show



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Convenient FLINT Kitchen Tools

as illustrated . . . a neat wall rack holds all six pieces handy for instant use. The practical beauty of stainless steel with heat-repelling, stay-cool handles . . . the assurance of a 15-year guarantee, makes FLINT kitchen tool sets a cherished gift.

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made to the highest standards of Eko quality . . . revolutionary nylon gears . . . "power mixer" results by hand-action. Stainless steel blades . . . easy-to-grip handles . . . effortless to operate . . . perfectly synchronized.

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Opens any size or shape can simply, quickly. Folds back to wall when not in use. Cutting and drive wheels of hardened, tempered, tool steel. Hollow-ground cutting edge stays sharp indefinitely. Attractively gift-packaged.



AT LEADING DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE AND APPLIANCE STORES
PRODUCTS COMPANY (CANADA) LTD., TORONTO

goes on that night the lights, which add up to twenty-eight thousand watts, work like a dream.

No one is spared by the high-strung Madame. George Komarov, seated at his table and deep in musical arrangements, gets the call from Madame on the stage:

"Komarov!"

"What you want?"

"Come here, I want!"

And when George wishes to catch her ear, he calls, gently, "Natasha." She pays no attention, so he thunders: "Komarova!" She still pays no attention whatever to him, so he gives up.

The first show goes on at 10 p.m., and on Thursday nights Madame watches from the balcony, muttering, "Is lousy, is lousy" all through the show, and Komarov makes copious notes. As soon as the first show is over the birdlike Madame disappears from her seat to go backstage and make the necessary corrections. It is rare indeed that the second show doesn't run smooth as silk.

It was in April 1949 that the Komaroffs opened the first show at the Bellevue with the venerable Joe (I

Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now) Howard and his cake-walk, a chorus of eight smartly clad good-looking hoofers, two beauteous and curvaceous show girls in diaphanous costumes, and a loud, fast-moving, cleverly paced hour's show that sent curious customers away raving about the new joint on Ontario Street.

The new joint was worth the rave. Holmok had converted the old downstairs café into a lounge, installed a Dixieland band headed up by trumpeter Russ Meredith. Upstairs he had ripped out the old ballroom and called

in artist Jean Hébert to do his flowering best with the *décor*, which now blossoms with huge tulips, pansies, roses, and all manner of strange garden growths. A large raised stage, backed by Bix Belair and his band at one end of the huge room, still left plenty of space for the tiny tables which Holmok had installed. But just to make sure he built a balcony on the third floor to take another double row of tables, making a total of a hundred and twenty tables on both floors. A bar was installed on each floor at the end opposite the bandstand, and a third bar was built downstairs in the lounge.

With a staff of ninety-seven including twenty-six waiters, eight busboys, five captains and a headwaiter Holmok was ready to do big business. And he did, from the start. Overnight, the Bellevue Casino became the biggest thing in Montreal's night life. It piled up a first-year's gross of one million, four hundred thousand dollars and soon stood unchallenged as the biggest, most successful night club in Canada and one of the most successful in America.

How does the cheapest spot in town turn out the best show in town? Mathematics proved how it is possible. The weekly budget for a Bellevue Casino show ranges between six thousand and ten thousand dollars, depending on the cost of the big acts. The club presents two shows nightly, three on Saturdays. At capacity, the admission amounts to exactly nine thousand dollars a week. If the Bellevue does capacity all week it pays for the expensive stage production out of admission prices. The house profit comes from the sale of food and liquor at the tables though individual checks are small they run up to a very respectable sum when you multiply them by the huge turnover: fourteen hundred people on week nights, and twenty-one hundred on Saturdays.

Thus the Bellevue Casino proceeds on its highly successful way, with rarely an empty table, even on Mondays. Within its first eighteen months the original investment of eighty thousand dollars had been repaid.

Holmok's success with the Bellevue was watched with envious eyes by his rivals, and at least one other club tried a similar policy: the Folies Bergère, which closed within the year with a loss of about fifty thousand dollars. It had no Komaroffs, and no Harry Holmok.

Holmok, who came up the hard way, likes to think that a buck goes farther in his bistro than in any other. Together with his silent partner, Jean Brossard, who also owns about twenty taverns and grills, and the newly built Hotel Lapointe in St. Jérôme, Holmok pilots the affairs of the club, assisted by his soft-spoken manager, Joe Krassler.

But the Bellevue is mainly Holmok's baby. He dreamed about it years ago when he was working for a contractor, installing stairs and railings and dance floors in other night clubs. It was then that he was bitten with the ambition to own "the biggest damn club in Canada."

He was born in 1898 in a little village in Hungary, the son of a builder. He didn't get very far in school because he was drafted into the army at sixteen, fighting with great impartiality, first against the Russians in the Hungarian army, and then against the Germans in the Rumanian army. He got pretty tired of being a soldier, particularly in the Rumanian army: "A private in the Hungarian army was smarter than a general in the Rumanian army," he says. He wore his Austrian and Hungarian medals in the Rumanian army for two years before his superiors noticed them and made him take them off.



The luscious, sun-ripened grapes
of the Niagara Peninsula are
a source of profit to Canada . . .
and pleasure to Canadians!
In so many ways you can find
enjoyment from them.
With meals, or between meals,
they are always delightful.
Enjoy them often.

CANADIAN WINE Institute
572 Bay Street, Toronto



CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE

"It was the poorest army I ever saw," he recalls, "two and a half years without pay and without boots." But after spending seven years between the two armies, Holmok found himself with a great yearning for another clime.

Meanwhile he had learned to speak Hungarian, Rumanian, English, French, German, Russian, Czechoslovakian, and Yiddish.

At twenty-four he arrived on these shores, a hulking powerful man with a great willingness to work at anything that kept him out of the Rumanian army. He went up into the bush to earn the money for the tools of his builder's trade and managed to come back to Montreal with seven hundred dollars. He recalls the venture with pride. "I could eat five steaks for breakfast and two pounds of bacon at noon," he boasts. "No women, no whisky you had to save money. Anybody sick, let him go into the bush for five months. He'll come back cured."

In Montreal Holmok the builder began to get contracts for night-club installations. In Europe he had been fascinated by show business, had even taught ballroom dancing between army stints. Slim dancer legs still taper from his barrel-like body. But until 1934 the only taste Harry had of the footlights were those he installed in night clubs on St. Catherine, St. Denis, St. Lawrence and the other downtown thoroughfares of Montreal. Then one day in 1934 he was called in to make some alterations for an ailing club called L'Oeuvre. The management couldn't raise the money to pay Harry's bill, so he suddenly found himself a night-club proprietor.

He quickly bloomed into an astute operator of low-priced clubs in Montreal's east end. He opened a second, the Bellevue Grill, in 1938. Beer and cheap entertainment was his guiding policy. Beer was forty cents a quart and there was no admission charge. "That's where I learned the psychology of mass appeal," he says. "Give them their money's worth."

He purchased the site of the present Bellevue Casino for a low thirty-six thousand dollars but it was not until 1949 that he got his opportunity to try out his theory on a real mass basis.

Holmok leaves the glad handing at the Bellevue to his club greeter, a good-looking former dancer named Ralph Siegall who knows everybody worth knowing and can single out important people and make sure they get seated, even if it is at a table with two other couples.

Which is just as well, for Holmok would likely leave them waiting in line. He has cultivated a dumb brush-off look that serves to intimidate moochers. He tells younger business associates: "Look dumb, then nobody expects anything from you." Also, one look at his two hundred pounds, his oversize head, curly close-cropped hair, large forehead, short nose and heavy shoulders usually makes any forceful patron think twice about tangling with him.

Holmok's simulated dumbness in no way affects his business sense or his understanding of how to keep a club going at capacity. When the spiraling cost of living squeezed night-club patrons and business began to fall off other club owners cut down their budgets; Harry increased his. Some weeks he spent as much as ten thousand dollars to include name acts like Will Mahoney, Joe Howard, the Arnout Brothers, the Calgary Brothers, Esco Larue, the Yacopis, the Debonairs.

Holmok lives in Dorval, a suburb of Montreal, with his wife Ida, whom he met at a picnic in 1926; a spaniel, Nickie; a collie, Lucky; and a canary. They have no children.

Except for his garish ties he dresses conservatively in quiet single-breasted and double-breasted business suits. He likes fishing, skiing and swimming but gets little time for them. He drinks rye moderately.

In spite of an outward gruffness Holmok is well-liked as a boss. When the chorus line changes every six months the old line is always given a big party and presents. Birthdays in the show are always celebrated at his expense with champagne, birthday cake and presents. Unlike other operators he does not ask the line to mix

with the customers to stimulate trade, nor will he permit any fraternization between the line and the regular staff. The girls get eighty dollars a week (the scale is sixty) and the captain gets a hundred dollars. In two years six of the girls in the line married customers.

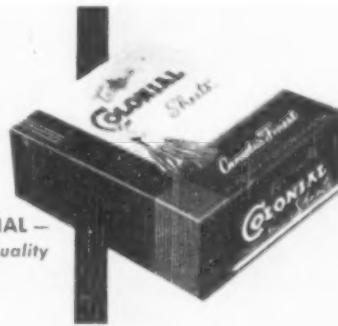
Partly because its active owner radiates about as much warmth as a dead cod, partly because the nature of the Bellevue's operation might be likened to that of a grocery as compared with the corner-store intimacy of smaller clubs, there is little charm or personality to the Holmok emporium of

entertainment. Most people come in just before showtime, and get out as soon as the show is over. The night-club crowd comes to see the show and then goes over to Chez Paree or some more exotic spot to do its serious drinking. And that is okay with Harry. If he has to choose between class and mass, he prefers mass.

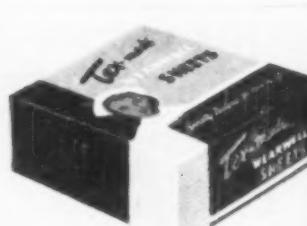
Deep down in his mind Harry Holmok is sure he knows how to keep his Bellevue blooming for ever: "Fifty cents to get in, fifty cents for a beer, and the best show in town. Where can they beat that?" *

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London Letter

Continued from page 4

and he has seen to it that there cannot be a successor, for no one has been allowed to share his radiance. I repeat that no dictator is followed by a dictator."

I asked him if he would add prophecy to his interesting theories. He said that it was not easy to see far ahead but the probable trend would be toward a slow liberalizing of the Communist Party, or at any rate a spreading of the authority from the centre outward, and a gradual re-emergence of some kind of public opinion once more.

"Will Stalin make war?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "Not now, he is too old. But we would have had war if America had not given Western Europe a chance to live again. I am convinced that Stalin now thinks only in terms of defense."

In relating that conversation I can neither support nor deny the accuracy of his conclusions, but he spoke with the quiet authority of a man who has given deep thought to a subject which he has studied at close quarters for many years.

Because of this I was particularly interested to meet, in Austria, an American diplomat from behind the Iron Curtain. It would be better if I did not indicate which satellite country he was describing as he might be declared *persona non grata* if his identity were revealed.

"When it came to carving up the great country estates," he said, "the peasants were all in favor of Communism. But when they were told they had to produce so much for the state without any reward, they all became little capitalists again. Not only that; the peasants are Catholics and nothing can stop them being Catholics. And that is the biggest headache of Communism."

"We diplomats are closely watched," he said, "but it does not stop people coming up and saying: 'When are the Americans and British coming to free us?' In my opinion the satellites will mostly wean themselves away from Russia. There's a hell of a lot of Titoism in the Balkans."

Later on I met another American, a diplomat attached to the U. S. Embassy in Vienna. "There have been some mysterious disappearances," he said, "but on the whole the Russians are obviously trying to make a good impression—or at any rate as good an impression as a Russian can make."

The strangest conversation, and one with a sudden pitiful ending, I had in the Austrian Alps. I had met an attractive Austrian who had been a prisoner of the Russians for two years. We went for a walk by the side of a lovely picture-postcard lake and he told how, when he lived in England before the war, he had obtained a license for civilian flying. Returning to Austria he was called up at the outbreak of war and volunteered for the Luftwaffe but the possession of the British A license proved an impassable barrier. The Nazis decided he was not trustworthy and sent him to a tank battalion instead. He was captured by the Russians toward the end of the war and when questioned he hopefully said he had lived in England and produced the famous license to prove it. For some reason this convinced the Russians that he was a spy.

"About then," he said, "the war ended and I thought I would soon be free, but instead I was held for an incessant series of questionings. The Russians were not brutal and they didn't drug me but just went on questioning until I felt that I would shriek."

"Curiously enough Russian headquarters demand that there must be two witnesses to prove a man to be a spy and my questioners did their best to persuade some of my fellow prisoners to supply the evidence. But no one would do it. Two years went by and then one day we were told to get ready to leave the prison as we were to be sent back to Germany. We started to march out but for no reason the guards stopped the last ten of us and turned us back. Only a Russian could think of anything so stupidly cruel as that."

"So I was sent to work in an engineering factory and I learned a lot. The workers used to say to me: 'We have enough food, we have our factory clothes and we have a ration of vodka. But that is all. There is nothing else in our lives. There never will be anything else in our lives until Russia is free again.' I was eventually sent home and here I am."

And then we both stopped in our steps. By the side of the road a beautiful white cat was lying dead. The blood in the middle of the road showed where it had been struck by a car but the cat seemed unmarked. Kneeling down the young Austrian gently lifted its head. One side of it had been horribly bashed.

"It is strange," he said, so quietly that I could hardly hear the words. "I have seen so many men dead in the war and yet it was not as sad as this." Tenderly he took the cat up in his arms and with gentle fingers tried to close its remaining eye as if it were a human being who had died.

"I must leave you now," he said. "It belongs to the woman in this little house. It was her friend. She will be very lonely."

I walked away as he moved down the slope to the cottage, and then there came across the silence the sound of a woman sobbing, sobbing as if her heart was broken. Perhaps it was. I hoped the motorist was on time for his luncheon engagement or whatever it was.

Not for the first time I realized on this visit that there are decent kindly people in every country. That is the hope of the world, just as the fact that they seldom hold power is the tragedy of the world.

I have come back to London with the feeling that totalitarianism is fighting a losing battle, and we must remember that Communism is the totalitarian menace today. Russia is bidding for Germany's soul and if she gets it then the night will be grim indeed, but there are witnesses against her whose voices hold a power of their own. They are the millions of Germans who were prisoners in Russia. They saw the Communist paradise and they want none of it.

But what will happen if there comes a movement to restore the unity of Germany and the Eastern Zone is once more united with the West? Germany could once again become the great blackmailer of the West, threatening or cajoling first one side and then the other, and gradually holding the scales of war and peace in her hands.

That is a risk which has to be taken but I do not think that any nation on earth believes now that war on a vast scale can end in anything but a disaster in which the conquered are indistinguishable from the victors. If the free world remains strong in arms and spirit, and if hope is held out to the human race that there is a decent living for all people, then the shadow of global war may pass from the face of the earth.

But for a long time we shall have to hold the lamp in one hand and the revolver in the other. ★

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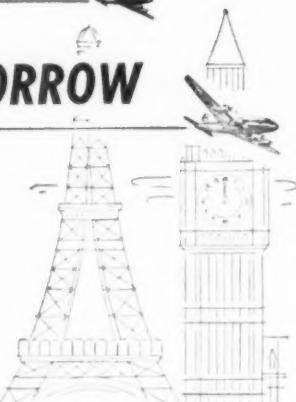
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Don't Let This Happen To Your City

Continued from page 9

in its growth, done a bit of tearing down, and then started growing again on grander and enlarged foundations. But no one had the vision to see the need so Toronto didn't make that essential second start. Now it's too late. Today it's the same little Muddy York just squashed out over half a county and dressed up in very ill-fitting big-city clothes.

Don't let the tragedy of Toronto happen to your city.

"In its uncontrolled and unplanned growth from a frontier town into a twentieth century metropolis it made about all the mistakes that a growing city could possibly make," says Dr. E. G. Faludi, a community-planning authority who has served as consultant for Toronto and a number of other Canadian towns and cities. "And Toronto is still making new mistakes, and making the old ones bigger."

It is true that Toronto is slowly turning its University Avenue into a traffic artery that will be one of Canada's showiest and most efficient. Its Yonge Street subway, Canada's first high-speed underground transit route, will bring about a big and long-needed traffic improvement when completed in another year or two. Its Regent Park subsidized housing project is a positive and commendable attack against one of its worst slum areas. But Greater Toronto's plight is so bad that even these costly undertakings are feeble gestures in the face of its enormous over-all needs.

Butterflies Get Sunburned

Toronto's earlier sins were so overwhelming that their effect will still be crippling the city a century from now. It handed out building permits with the recklessness and abandon of an auctioneer passing out handbills. It permitted its checkerboard of narrow, pitifully inadequate downtown streets to become hopelessly imprisoned between multi-million-dollar skyscrapers which only an atom bomb will ever move. It did nothing as industries intruded into once-fine residential areas, turning the areas into slums under a blighting pall of smoke, fumes, odors, noise and dirt. It allowed the city's business heartland, the head office site of scores of leading Canadian firms, to become curtained off from Lake Ontario by an ugly squalor of railroad yards and freight warehouses which now represent an investment so vast that nothing will ever oust them.

It permitted such building congestion on its downtown streets that today there isn't an open space, a public square, a boulevard or even a patch of lawn big enough for a decent game of croquet. And for blocks in all directions from its city hall there isn't a shade tree big enough to keep a butterfly from getting sunburned.

It made the inexplicable blunder of disfiguring most of its beautiful twelve-mile waterfront with a garish conglomeration of amusement park hurdy-gurdies it fondly calls Sunnyside, and with a smelly industrial litter of coal piles, refineries, glue works and sewage disposal plants. And, as if that wasn't enough, it shoved more railroad yards and more factories up its Don River valley, turning as fine a parkland as any city could ever have into an industrial slum.

Though on a site especially favored by nature with two rivers and miles of lake beaches, a generation of Toronto children have grown up with only a

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few artificial pools in which it has been safe to swim. The Don and Humber Rivers have been allowed to become such cesspools of industrial waste that the Toronto and York Planning Board decided two years ago it would be cheaper to build more swimming pools than attempt to clean the rivers. And most of Toronto's beaches on Lake Ontario are so polluted with sewage that the warning sign, "Infected Waters," has become lamentably familiar to Torontonians.

The result of all these planning sins, or lack of planning, was inevitable. Toronto, or at least a large part of its central area, became less and less attractive as a place to live and raise children. Those who could afford it moved to the city's outskirts where there was space and clean air. A low-income class, most of them tenants, was compressed into the older residential sections which surrounded the downtown commercial and industrial zone. Buildings became old and in disrepair. There was no incentive for landlords to improve or rebuild. Decay set in across a vast section of the city's heart. Toronto, never showy or particularly attractive, became blighted now with an ugly fast-spreading slum.

The warning was evident three decades ago. In 1934 a housing study emphasized the danger and there were a few half-hearted gestures at demolition and rehabilitation in a couple of tiny spots. But because of a combination of depression, complacency and a naive lack of vision of what was at stake Toronto did little about the decay at its core and the crippling chain reaction of havoc which that decay was setting in motion. Those who could contribute most to the city's tax revenue and social structure retreated beyond the city to its suburbs in larger and larger numbers, like rats abandoning a sinking ship.

At the end of World War II the exodus to the suburbs, sparked by the housing shortage and good times, became a flood. The population of Toronto, apart from its suburbs, which had been growing constantly for more than a century, suddenly started to decline in 1946. Since 1946 Toronto proper has lost more than forty thousand citizens.

Thus, because Toronto failed to foresee the need and provide attractive homesites, thousands of its more prosperous wage earners still work in the city every day, crowd its streets, drink its water, travel at cost on its publicly owned transportation system, place undue demands on its police, fire protection and health services, yet they live in and pay taxes to some other municipality outside.

Toronto's daily traffic snarl and its police and maintenance payrolls are two illustrations of the injustices with which its citizens are faced. Residents of Toronto itself own one hundred and seventy thousand automobiles. If these were the only cars that used its streets the traffic situation would be bad enough. But every weekday morning approximately one hundred thousand additional cars pour across its borders and jam into its spindly downtown thoroughfares with work-bound suburbanites. At five o'clock something like two hundred thousand cars start homeward in an exhaust-belching horn-blasting riot on streets originally designed for a few hundred crawling horsecarts and altered little since then. The Toronto motorist who crawls homeward in second gear at an average speed in the downtown sections of six miles per hour, can meditate the fact that one hundred thousand non-resident drivers are largely responsible for the traffic congestion that is wasting an hour to an hour

and a half of his life every day. And he can also annoy himself with the bitter reflection that he is being charged two dollars in taxes for every dollar of wear and tear he puts on his own streets. That other dollar is needed to take care of the wear and tear caused by the suburban cars which are blocking his way.

Greater Toronto's horde of automobiles is growing at the rate of about twenty-five thousand a year. The cross-city Bloor Street tram run which a few years ago took sixty-six minutes now takes eighty. Says Traffic Engineer H. R. Burton: "Complete traffic stagnation is not very far away. We are getting close to the point at which it will take a man hours to get home at night." And when Toronto's city planning board in 1949 toted up the cost of the auto speedways and street widening needed to accommodate the city's traffic it came to seventy million dollars. One proposed cross-city highway alone and Toronto will need several of them before its ancient gridiron of narrow, jogging streets will properly carry its turbulent melee of traffic will cost in many spots an estimated eight million dollars per mile for the acquisition of land and the tearing down of buildings.

Because of Toronto's huge daily non-resident population and the demands of this population on its services the city must keep almost twice as many police, firemen and maintenance employees per capita on its civic payroll as the suburbs. Toronto has about eleven employees per one thousand of population, the suburbs six. To supervise traffic and to protect the concentration of commerce and industry which provides thousands of suburban taxpayers with jobs, Toronto must maintain 1.64 police per thousand residents. The suburban municipalities have an average of .9 police per thousand. Swansea, for example, a residential suburb, pays four dollars per capita per year for its local police and fire protection. But Toronto, where the average Swansea wage earner spends about one third of his time at work, has to pay twelve dollars per capita per year for police and fire protection.

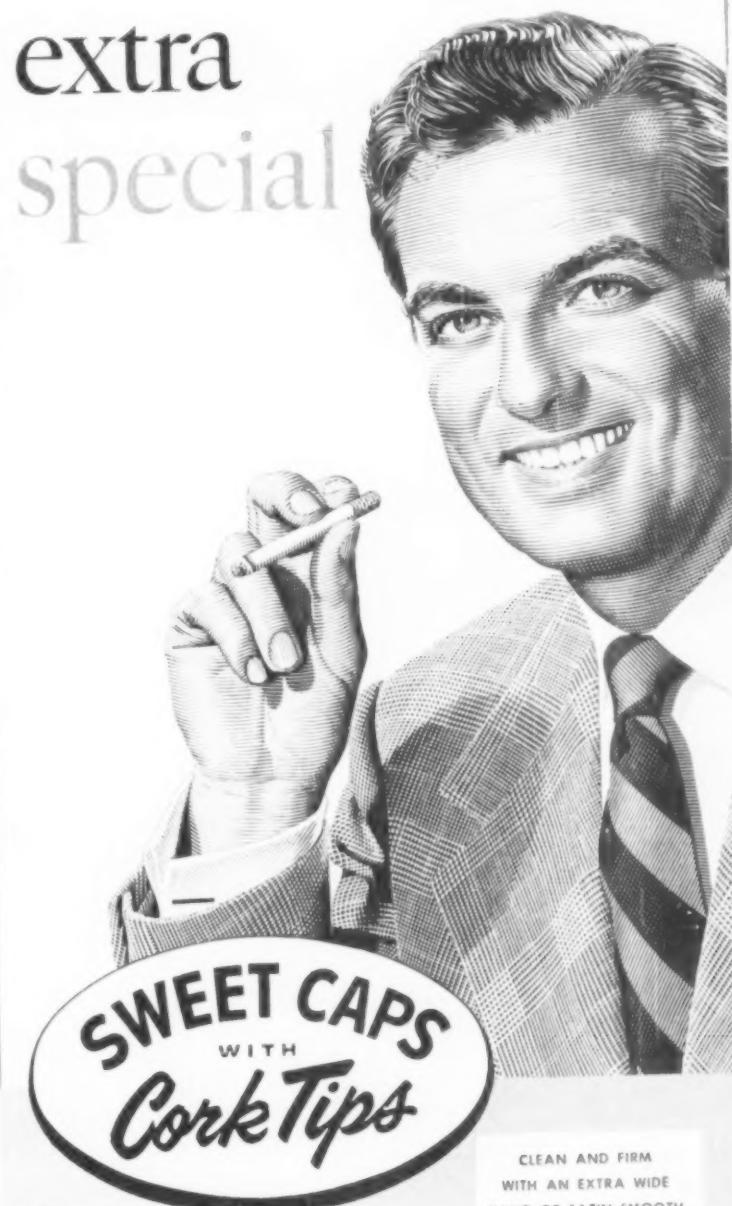
Greater Toronto is growing rapidly in population. But Toronto itself the focal point at the heart of this growth, is losing population because it is becoming more and more a place to work and less and less a place to live. More people are using Toronto's services and public utilities each day, fewer people remain to pay for them. At the same time, the decay and congestion which is driving people away is causing depreciating property values and a constantly decreasing assessment.

Actually the financial position is still strong. Its debt of around eighty million dollars is only half the peak debt of the thirties. But it is scraping the bottom of its tax barrel. It spent twenty-nine millions in 1950 and under the province-set municipal tax limit of two and a half cents per dollar of assessment there is only an added five million dollars it can now draw on.

These are the woes of Toronto. But those ex-Torontonians who headed across the city limits to build new municipalities of their own have woes, plenty of them, too.

For Toronto didn't just spill over methodically into its bordering countryside. It exploded, flinging out isolated patches of residential building wherever a real estate speculator happened to be able to make a good deal and pick up a piece of farmland for subdivision and home construction. In spite of the gruesome lesson of Toronto's unplanned growth the suburbs for the most part have allowed them-

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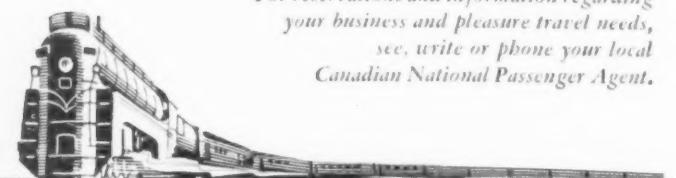


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elves to fan out in exactly the same haphazard way. All of the cripplingills of Toronto—narrow streets, main thoroughfares through residential sections, congested and monotonously identical housing, lack of parks and open playground spaces, destruction of trees, and industrial intrusion into residential areas—were repeated in the city's suburban development.

Toronto had some excuse for its lack of planning. Town planning for healthier, happier, more economic and efficient community living was largely unknown in the city's infancy. The automobile had not arrived. But now town planning is a science that can solve tomorrow's traffic and slum problems by working on them now, while there is still time. Yet the development of Toronto's suburbs is still being left largely to the whims and profit schemes of a few real estate builders. Many of them appear to recognize only one aim: to jam as many houses into as small a space as possible, sell them for all that the market will stand with no regard for how the project fits in with an over-all traffic, sewage, water and industrial zoning plan.

Home building has boomed ahead so rapidly and unplanned that many sewers and water mains have turned out to be too small almost as soon as they are completed.

For the whole area Lake Ontario is the natural source of water supply and outlet for drainage and sewage. Yet most of the suburbs are cut off from the lake by the city of Toronto. Though the world's biggest source of fresh water is just a few miles away a large part of the suburban area is forced to depend on expensive and uncertain wells for their supply. It is not rare for desperate mothers to mix baby formulas in ice-box drippings or ginger ale when the water supply fails temporarily.

Thousands of new homes have been thrown up in more outlying areas which cannot be served with sewers for years yet. Here, septic tanks are the only sewage disposal system possible. According to a survey made by a sanitary engineering firm in 1949 much of the soil surrounding Toronto is unsuited for safe septic-tank performance.

"The safety of septic tanks depends on the porosity of the soil," stated Dr. A. E. Berry, sanitary engineer in the provincial department of health. "They won't do their job safely in heavy clay soil, for then you frequently get seepage of sewage back up to the surface. This is occurring now in some areas of the suburbs and where it occurs the danger of a typhoid, dysentery or diarrhea outbreak is always present. North York alone has fifteen thousand septic tanks. In addition to the health danger there is the expense about four hundred and fifty dollars each—which is merely abandoned when sewers are brought in."

Thus, then, is the municipal muddle of Toronto 1951.

The city itself is deteriorating from the heart outward. Its best tax contributors are deserting when it needs them most, laying the foundation for a new and future rot outside. Toronto is confronted with a face-lifting job that will cost hundreds of millions of dollars. Yet under the present municipal setup the people who would derive much of the benefit are suburban residents who wouldn't be paying a cent for it.

Toronto had plenty of warning of disaster ahead. In 1896 when its population was under two hundred thousand an official report prepared for the council of that day warned that its 1945 population would be in the neighborhood of half a million (it became 671,000). In 1926 an official study forecast that the 1950 popu-

lation of Greater Toronto would be a million and a quarter (actual, 1,055,000). By 1925 it was apparent that the automobile was going to transform urban life. By 1930 a large section of central Toronto was declining inevitably into slum.

"Toronto first became conscious that it was going to be a city of considerable size before 1910," says A. E. K. Bunnell, chief consultant of the Ontario Department of Planning and Development, a planning expert who has been associated with Toronto's development for forty years. "In 1908 Toronto went so far as to bring over an English expert to advise it regarding planning for the future. Its first official plan suggesting widened highways, parks, a civic square and greenbelt—things we are still talking about today—was prepared by a civic improvement committee in 1909. In 1912 Toronto even drew up plans for the Yonge Street subway that is only now being built, forty years later."

Who Wanted a Bunch of Bankrupts?

Toronto talked plenty, but except for a couple of periods of activity around 1912 and again around 1920 it did little to implement the talk and planning. It put off its growing slum problem as too costly to do anything about—even when large areas declined so much in assessment value that the taxes they produced were no longer even paying the cost of servicing the areas with streets, water and sewers. Its slums became breeders of crime and disease, yet the city continued to maintain them at a loss. And when the city still had cheap undeveloped land at its outskirts, it took no steps to acquire this land so that future expansion could benefit the city.

"Toronto couldn't entirely have prevented the exodus to its suburbs, but it could have controlled it considerably," Eric Hardy, of the Bureau of Municipal Research, stated. "It might have maintained its residential values with parks and bylaws to prevent areas from becoming rundown, so that when a building began to decline it would be economically desirable for the owner to tear down and rebuild. It could have annexed land outside to keep ahead of its growth. But even in the Thirties Toronto still had a hands-off policy regarding its suburbs. Most of them were in financial difficulties then and all except Forest Hill were willing and anxious to amalgamate with the city. Toronto didn't want to pool its resources with a bunch of bankrupt suburbs. So the suburbs pulled themselves through. Today their finances are in good shape and they're proud of it."

Now, years too late to do it either peacefully or efficiently, Toronto is trying to bully a way out of its mess by gobbling up suburbs which have been left on their own so long they have developed a zealous community loyalty and a civic pride in running their own little show. And with this move Toronto has stirred up a sizzling hornets' nest of local jealousies. Suburban reeves have accused Toronto's Mayor Hiram McCallum of being a little dictator whose chief desire is to reign over a city he could boastfully call Canada's largest. McCallum has retaliated with the charge that the reeves are striving to retain their little empires so they and their hangers-on can preserve their own jobs.

Community pride and a desire to avoid the officialdom and bureaucracy of a government that would be bigger than Manitoba's are reasons put forward by the suburbs for opposing amalgamation, but the overshadowing reason is that they are afraid it will



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send their taxes soaring. Some of the suburbs such as Leaside and New Toronto have succeeded in enticing a disproportionate share of the metropolitan area's industrial development, which boosts their total assessment considerably and makes possible a low residential tax rate. All of the suburbs except residential Forest Hill have lower per capita tax bills than Toronto.

But the arguments for some form of unification are overwhelming. Political boundaries that bear no relation to the social and economic life of the people are responsible for costly duplication and a crippling lack of co-ordination in public utilities such as police, fire protection, water, sewers and education. They make it impossible for the metropolitan area to co-operate sensibly in the solution of over-all problems such as traffic facilities, housing and industrial zoning and a fairer distribution of taxation.

All suburban police forces have their own shortwave radio systems but all but one operate on different wavelengths from Toronto. Recently when Toronto police attempted to alert all police cruisers in the area following a hold-up, they had to telephone eleven suburban police departments individually and ask them to send the alarm out on their radios. The gunman got away. In some cases, one fire department's hoses won't fit another's hydrants.

Because its school population is falling, the city has scores of well-equipped classrooms now vacant, while most of the suburbs because of their rapid population growth are years behind in school construction. Some suburban students are walking a mile to school while there is space in another municipality's school just a few blocks away.

The biggest argument for unification is that the thirteen municipalities will seldom forget their individual interests long enough to sit down and work out a joint cure for the past mistakes that are gnawing at the metropolitan area as a whole.

A plan for the establishment of a green belt of continuous parkland which would cut a five-thousand-acre semi-circular swathe through the metropolitan area is an illustration of this. Parks to form a breathing space in the constantly spreading labyrinth of stone, bricks and pavement are one of Greater Toronto's most widely recognized needs. With its Humber and Don River valleys and their beautifully wooded tributaries the metropolitan area could have a seventeen-mile-long park winding through its urban

sections. Much of the lower reaches of these valleys in Toronto itself are now lost beyond retrieving to industrial development, but farther out most of it could still be acquired for park use. At the present rate of expansion it will all be gone within a few years.

In 1949 a planning board of city and suburban representatives worked out a scheme for the gradual acquisition of this land. It suggested that a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar fund be established, and as land in the proposed green belt became threatened with urban development it be purchased a bit at a time through this fund. With Toronto contributing two-thirds and York County, representing the suburban municipalities, contributing one-third, the amount spent each year would be replaced so that the fund remained constant.

Toronto agreed to the proposal at once but York County could muster little support for it. In the county the green belt would pass through five of the suburban municipalities. Some of them had already acquired park lands and refused to contribute to any more. But the main opposition came from suburbs through which the green belt would not pass. Most of them refused to have anything to do with a scheme under which they would be

helping to pay for parks in some other municipality than their own.

The suburbs have come up with some compromise amalgamation suggestions in an effort to save themselves from being swallowed in an enlarged Toronto. They have asked that certain of the public utilities such as roads, water and sewers be placed under a metropolitan area control but that local affairs including taxation be left under the management of the suburban councils. But everyone who has studied the problem impartially, including bodies like the Toronto and York Planning Board on which the suburbs too have had representation, has had to admit that a complete amalgamation in which the area's entire municipal business comes under one government is the only workable answer.

But whether a new expanded Toronto grows out of the squabble or whether the old suburb-smothered Toronto goes it alone, there is a staggering job ahead repairing past mistakes.

Yet it needn't have happened. Proper planning would have prevented it all. Since 1908 Toronto has officially prepared five city replanning blueprints and so far none of them has accomplished anything except to add to the clutter of its city hall files.

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The Great Vancouver Love Affair

Continued from page 19

"the unfriendliest city in the world." And Louis Taylor, who was mayor of the city more times than anyone else, referred to it as "the most selfish and corrupt city in the world."

There is an aura about Vancouver that tends to make the visitor from some less favored corner of the globe grind his teeth in envy and frustration. The remarks attributed to William Arthur Deacon, literary editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail, have been widely quoted in this connection. Deacon was being given the grand tour of the city by the local branch of the Canadian Authors Association, and it brought him to his knees. "Stop!" he cried, when the tour was about two thirds through. "Take me away! I can stand no more. It's too beautiful."

The grand tour is a native rite, as inevitable as a Zeta Psi initiation. It starts downtown at the Vancouver Hotel ("best hotel on the continent"—Lieut. Gov. Eric Hamber, 1939) and moves west on Georgia Street to Stanley Park ("most beautiful park in the world"—Mayor David Oppenheimer, 1888). It skirts the restless waters of Lost Lagoon and plunges deep into cool cedars and tall Douglas firs to emerge onto the thin spiderweb of the Lions Gate bridge (longest single-span suspension bridge in the Empire). The tour moves slowly across the mile-long bridge toward the opposite shores of suburban North and West Vancouver, allowing the visitor to drink in the beauties of Burrard Inlet and Vancouver Harbor ("the most perfect harbor

the world can show"—Journal of Commerce, San Francisco, 1888).

Now the visitor is borne high into the rich new suburban developments that are taking form on the far shores of the inlet where the blue mountains crowned by the twin white peaks of The Lions rise for a mile out of the soft haze that hangs about the town. Here the makers of Guinness Stout are pouring their money into the fantastic real-estate development of British Properties ("unparalleled in North America"—sales agent Munel May) which is turning four thousand acres of forested mountain side into a residential paradise.

On the primeval flanks of the mountains there are more superlatives in the making: the long white ribbon of Park Royal, largest shopping centre in Canada; the green bosom of Capilano, one of the ten most beautiful golf courses in the world; the slender daisy chain of the Grouse Mountain Chairlift, largest metropolitan chairlift in the world.

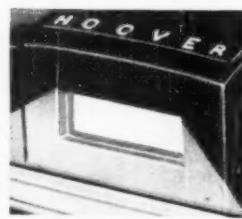
Here, from any of a hundred vantage points, the visitor can get the same view the Queen got: the city glistening in the sunlight, its twin wooded peninsulas of Stanley Park and Point Grey probing far out into the sea, its environs fading off into the mists of the flat Fraser River delta land to the south. From these heights the city and the ocean that surrounds it seem buoyant with life. The great white steamers and the grubby tramps from Orient and Antipodes skirt the high cliffs of the First Narrows, where less than a century ago Salish sentinels warned of the approach of war canoes. The seining fleet dots the muddy mouth of Simon Fraser's river. The tremendous Davis rafts of the loggers float

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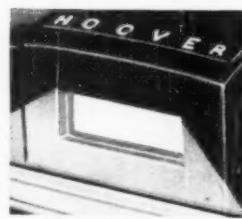


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majestically toward the smoking mills of the False Creek tidewater that bisects the business section.

Now the tour bends back in its tracks, recrosses the bridge to the city proper and for nine miles skirts the eight beaches that sweep in a wide white crescent from Park to Point. At the far extremity, surrounded by its own one-hundred-and-fifty-acre forest and its one-hundred-and-seventy-three-acre farm, the University of British Columbia sits on its peninsula facing to the sea ("the finest setting of any campus in the world" Lord Tweedsmuir, 1939). Around it is clustered the new architecture of the west coast, the long low homes of glass and native stone, smothered in juniper and roses. Here, according to F. Ronald Graham, a retired Montreal financier who owns one of the largest homes and has acquired the Vancouver gift for phrase, is "the finest view in the world."

There is more to the tour than this. The harbor alone has ninety-eight miles of water frontage and the city itself is more than fifty-two square miles in size (largest in Canada) but it was here that Deacon, the man from Toronto, threw in the sponge and it is here that we will leave it, winding off into the golden sunset beyond Marine Drive. It is only one evidence of the general wave of enthusiasm which infects all good Vancouverites, like chicken pox, early in life.

This enthusiasm can take many forms. Few Vancouverites will concede that it either rains or snows in their city. One newsboy, who stood for years at the corner of Dunsmuir and Seymour Streets in the business section, was a living monument to this. In sleet, hail, wind or deluge he wore

his shirt open almost to the navel, exposing a weatherbeaten expanse of chest that shouted defiance to the elements. One day he vanished, no one will say where, but the dread word "pneumonia" has been whispered.

Jack Scott of the Sun, the city's best-known columnist, has helped keep some legends alive. In midwinter it has been his habit to address an Open Letter East describing the Vancouver climate. "It is like a summer day," he wrote on Dec. 28, 1947. "I am in my shirt sleeves. I've just been in the house to get my sun glasses." Kids were wading, people were driving cars with the tops down, a neighbor was planting daffodils, he reported. These are brave words but weather records show that there were four degrees of frost that night and a good deal of rain. A month later the town lay under a blanket of snow. Scott has since left for Saltspring Island in the Strait of Georgia, a fact carefully concealed from his readers.

There are fine unselfish men in Vancouver who have devoted their entire lives and subjected themselves to countless indignities for the sake of their city. Perhaps the two best known are Harry Duker, a retired sign maker, and Leo Sweeney, a barrel manufacturer.

Sweeney is always photographed wearing a straw hat and white Palm Beach suit. Duker wears a yellow, red and green tie with a totem pole on it. Sweeney sees himself as the living negation of the canard that it is ever wet or cold in Vancouver. Duker feels he is reintroducing the Indian motif into the city's life.

Duker wants everybody to wear a totem tie. Recently he sent one to the editor of Tailor and Cutter, the



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British fashion bible. The editor's comment maintained the Indian motif. "Ugh!" he said.

Sweeney has a straw hat with a red band on it bearing the inscription: "Rain in Vancouver? Like hail it is!" On Christmas day he is always photographed tending daffodils or roses and the picture goes out to mayors of less fortunate cities along with his Christmas card which last year trumpeted: "It's great to live in Evergreen Vancouver where flowers bloom the year round."

A Vancouverite will react to any

slight upon his city in much the same way as a Southerner whose womenfolk have been maligned. The biggest insult came ten years ago when the federal government decided that, as a wartime measure, the Vancouver water supply would be chlorinated. The reverberations have never quite been stilled. The entire city rose in arms at the suggestion that the nectar flowing from the snowy mountains of the Capilano watershed could be only 99 and 44/100ths percent pure. "It is the purest water on the continent!" cried the Vancouver Pioneers' Association.

"Those fellas in Ottawa musta gone crazy!" said Mayor Jack Cornett. The Vancouver Sun, touched to the editorial quick, produced figures to show that it was three times healthier to live in Vancouver than any other Canadian city and that it had one of the lowest death and infant mortality rates IN THE WORLD. "Capitals are the Sun's." "Refuse to pay taxes!" shouted a speaker at one of the mass meetings that followed.

It was all to no avail. The water was chlorinated and one suburban couple promptly turned off their taps

for good and resorted to a well. The rest of the city was with them in spirit. Large numbers of citizens are still convinced the whole thing was a plot by The Mysterious East—that vague but sinister shadowland which lies in the eternal snows somewhere on the far side of the Rocky Mountain barrier.

The Vancouverite's attitude toward The East is pretty well summed up by the late Senator Gerry McGeer's remark when he was mayor. "Ottawa," said Gerry, "is just twenty-five hundred miles from Vancouver. But Vancouver is twenty-five thousand from Ottawa."

The geographical and psychological barrier of the Rockies has had its influence on the physical look of the city. Vancouver has none of the roughhewn aspect of the prairies or the granite facade of the Montreal-Toronto triangle. Hers is rather the sleek American appearance of Tacoma, Seattle or Spokane just across the U. S. border. The streets, most of them now cleared of car tracks, are wide and open. The architecture has its roots in California. The business buildings are low geometric oblongs. Hundreds of them are less than ten years old.

It is a young-looking city for a town of half a million people. It is in fact the youngest in Canada. It is so young it has never been without telephone service. It is one of the few cities in the world which has increased its population two hundred-fold in sixty-five years. Its past is hardly yet over the hill of memory. The first white child born in Vancouver is still alive. The first building put up on the wooded shoreline of the inlet still stands. There are men living who can remember the great fire that wiped out the town just six weeks after its inauguration. Until 1940 commuters on the North Vancouver ferry could occasionally see the bulky figure of Mary Capilano paddling her canoe home to the north shore of an evening. She was an Indian princess who lived on those shores twenty years before the first white man came.

Vancouver's beginnings were as lively as that of any town in the country. Her first citizen was a bartender named Capt. John Deighton, Yorkshirer of purplish complexion and Falstaffian proportions who arrived one day on the spot where the city now stands with a barrel of whisky and a hammer. He put up a bar in just twenty-four hours. His volubility was such that they called him Gassy Jack and they named the lively settlement that sprang up around his bar Gastown. It was populated by a raffish and rowdy crew of hand loggers, Kanakas, millmen, Siwash Indians, runaway sailors and pigtailed Chinese. For some reason every third man seems to have been called Portuguese Joe.

In 1884 Sir William Van Horne, builder of the CPR, arrived on the scene and uttered the first of those superlatives about the future city which were later to become so popular. Vancouver, he said (changing the name on the spot), was destined to have one of the greatest futures of any city in Canada. It would be the western terminus of the railway. Already CPR surveyors, whose names still grace some of the older streets, were laying out the forest in geometric squares. Two years later, in 1886, the city was incorporated and an election of sorts was held. Any man who could pitch a tent was enfranchised and as nobody knew anybody else the top names on the alphabetical list were swept into office. Next day a fire destroyed the city. A sobered council, meeting in a tattered tent, woke up to the fact that they had an area five miles wide to govern and not a nickel in the bank.

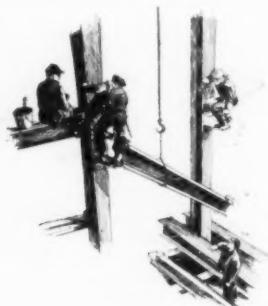
But there was no stopping Vancouver. Gassy Jack Deighton's House

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HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

There's something I would like to know,
Just where do all the snow-flakes go?
I try to catch them 'fore they land,
But when I hold them in my hand,
There's nothing there that I can get,
Except a little bit of wet.

—L. G. MENDERHAUSEN, JR.

and Portuguese Joe Silvia's Hole-in-the-Wall saloon were replaced by more splendid structures. Jack Kearns, who was to become Dempsey's manager, tended bar at the Rainier Hotel. The bouncer, Mysterious Billy Smith, was so good it was said he could toss a man clear across the street and into the batwing doors of the Boulder Hotel bar. Far up in the forest went the first Vancouver Hotel which, of course, boasted the Longest Bar In Canada. There have been two more Hotel Vancouvers built since, but the bars have officially gone. Actually there are about a dozen bars in town today, all neon and chromium, serving mixed drinks to all comers, but they are technically called "clubs" and there is a membership fee. (In one case it's ten cents a year.)

For a city so young, Vancouver has had an astonishing number of jubilees, each celebrated with gusto and verve. The most spectacular was the Diamond Jubilee of 1946. As part of a two-week birthday party the city fathers decided

to stage a mammoth historical pageant in Stanley Park and accordingly there was built the Longest Stage In the World. A Hollywood director named John Harkrider was engaged at one thousand dollars a week and about four thousand citizens agreed to serve for love. Harkrider, a man who lived almost exclusively on raw carrots, cabbage, grapefruit and chocolate éclairs, announced he would burn down part of the North Shore each night to simulate the Great Vancouver Fire. He was dissuaded from this but the pageant was so ambitious that its first performance lasted until almost three in the morning. Nobody to this day is certain whether it was a success or a flop but everybody agrees it was different.

Its youth and its climate have helped to give Vancouver, a city of twenty-seven different nationalities, its free and easy approach to life. In summer it's common to see stores closed up with the words "Gone Fishing" on the door. The dress is more casual than it is in Toronto or Montreal. Few of the young men wear hats, and sports jackets and slacks are fairly common among businessmen. Almost everybody seems to sport a rose in his buttonhole—all the way from Mayor Fred Hume down to that gaunt and grizzled eccentric, "Professor" Francis, whose stooped and shabby figure is to be seen at every musical event.

The town has always been full of strange men and women who seem to flourish in the balmy Pacific atmosphere. Some have left only their names

— Howe Sound Joe, Sore Neck Billy, Crazy George and Sugar Jake. Others vanish and reappear with the ebb and flow of the metropolitan tide. Where is the Cat Man, that chubby pink-cheeked figure with the blond hair down to the shoulders who lived in the alleyways feeding his throng of scrawny felines? Where is the hermit of Stanley Park, who lived for a decade in a hollow tree? What has become of W. R. Smith, the one-man political party? And Greasy Alex, the mammoth Greek hamburger salesman?

There are those who will always be remembered and some of them have been mayors.

There was Louis Denison Taylor, who ran for mayor fifteen times and was elected for eight terms and wore a scarlet tie every day of his life. He once kidnapped Teddy Roosevelt from a Board of Trade reception committee by climbing aboard T. R.'s train outside of town and whisking the U. S. President into a waiting car for an impromptu tour of the city.

"You can't run a seaport like a Sunday school," L. D. used to say and there were usually giant clean-up drives after each of his defeats. After a bad licking at the polls in 1928 the citizens clubbed together, gave him a present of five thousand dollars and sent him on a two-year vacation around the world. Taylor, aged seventy-three, got back just in time to win another smashing victory. Twice his obituary was set up in type by the newspapers, once when he all but drowned, once when a whirling propeller blade almost broke his spar frame in two. Taylor kept on living, driving to city council meetings in an ambulance with sirens whining. It took Gerry McGeer, the florid, ebullient lawyer from the wrong side of the tracks, to beat him finally in 1934 when Taylor was seventy-seven.

McGeer is the most enduring name of all in Vancouver. He himself saw to that when he built a white city hall on a high point of land a mile from the business section. From this municipal Taj Mahal city fathers get a view of the entire town. It has been called, naturally, the most beautiful city hall

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in Canada. Certainly the council meetings are the most ostentatious. The mayor wears floor-length robes of black and a gold chain of office and he is preceded by a uniformed sergeant-at-arms lugging a gigantic gilt mace.

Once a visiting alderman from Moncton, N.B., dropped in to see the mayor. He was taken aback to find the chief magistrate waiting for him decked out in robes, chain and cocked hat. "It scared me half to death," he said later.

During the depression the city tried to get some provincial aid for relief and Premier Duff Pattullo was brought

over from Victoria to talk about it. Pattullo, a former Klondiker, was ushered into the mayor's office, and staggered back when he saw the wall-to-wall broadloom, red mahogany paneling and indirect lighting. "My God," he exclaimed, "this office is a lot swankier than mine." The aid was not forthcoming.

The present mayor, an electrical contractor named Fred Hume, likes the job so much that he gave his seventy-five-hundred annual salary back to the city, a philanthropy which didn't sit too well with some of the

aldermen who had been thinking about asking for a raise. Hume was criticized early in the game because he doesn't live in Vancouver, but across the inlet on the West shore. His answer stilled all critics: "I live over there," he said, "so I can see our city at night."

Hume was so taken with the idea of being mayor that he wired his entire house with hundreds of colored lights. When his election was announced last December he pulled a switch lighting it up like a Christmas tree. He performed the same service for the city hall, at his own expense. He likes

to take visitors up onto the roof of the hall and show them the town. "There!" the mayor will say in triumph. "Isn't that fine? Isn't that beautiful? Where else can you see a sight like that, eh?"

Where else indeed? the visitor murmurs.

"Where else in May can you leave your hotel, reach the skiing grounds within an hour and a half, come back, change your clothes and be lying on the beach all in the same day?" asks A. L. Woods, a spare grey man from Ontario who is controller of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

Vancouver is full of converts like him. When conductor Sir John Barbirolli left the New York musical world he chose to live in Vancouver. Lawren Harris, of Toronto, who helped found the Group of Seven, now has a home in West Point Grey looking toward the mountains he likes to paint in abstract. A partner of Calouste S. Gulbenkian, the mystery oilman reputedly the world's richest, now lives in residential Shaughnessy Heights.

For those with wealth, for those who have retired, for those who have a stake in B.C.'s natural resources, Vancouver is the ideal town. She started as a logging town and her economy is still built on logs. The lumber payroll is by far the largest

fifty million dollars a year. And the loggers have grown rich. The Koerner brothers of Czechoslovakia have fashioned an industrial colossus out of the plywood industry. Kapoor Singh, a Sikh, has made himself a million out of millwood. And from his paneled office, high in the Marine Building, Harvey Reginald MacMillan, a farm boy from Newcastle, Ont., rules his sixty-million-dollar empire of lumber, plywood and fish.

But for others the city has less to offer. Garfield Weston and Sir John Barbirolli have reluctantly left for larger centres of trade and culture. Although the smog of dozens of sawmills casts a soft haze about the town and the masts of fishing boats make a forest of the inlets, the skyline is virtually unbroken by the smokestacks of secondary industry. This is one reason why every year Vancouverites bemoan the fate of thousands of their sons who leave for less favorable climes.

It is a sad parting, this casting off of a favorite mistress.

I remember one young man who had the choice to make. He was summoned by an executive from the east to a room in the Hotel Vancouver. It was one of those hot spring days, when the mountains rise like sentinels from the haze and the harbor shimmers in the blue and the white ships float under the tall bridge and the entire city moves down to the evergreens.

The young man was gazing out of the executive's window and with a sweep of his hand he uttered the favorite Vancouverism. "Where else in the world," he said, "would you get a view like this? What other city has this setting? I wouldn't trade this place for anything."

"I regret to hear you say that," the executive told him, "because I was going to offer you a job in the east. For more money."

The young man gazed at him moodily. For the briefest of instants he let his gaze flicker back to mountains, sea, park and sky. Then he wrenched his eyes away. "I'll take it," he said quickly.

And the young man, who happens to be the author of this article, turned his back on the Most Beautiful City In The World and went off to join the thousands of other exiles who will always be, as anyone who has spoken to them knows only too well, Vancouverites to the last cliché. ★



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High Priestess of the Jazz Age

Continued from page 12

in the city auditorium, had imparted to her voice the rich contralto of the midway. She learned to use its husky breaks with great dramatic skill, suggesting stifled laughter, the bravely choked sob and sometimes the throaty intimacy of Mae West.

Beneath her shallow reverence raged the fires of a frustrated artist. Once she tried to disappear from the religious lights she had drawn deliberately on herself but the form of her escape was a tawdry elopement with an already married radio announcer and she exposed herself to the charge of pulling a grotesque publicity stunt which had backfired.

A short-lived third marriage to another radioman who was immediately sued for breach of promise by a jilted girl friend, and a long series of legal actions which disclosed unsavory quarrels with her mother and daughter, sped her into a decline.

She battled desperately through the Thirties to sustain her reputation as a Messiah. Evangelism, however, was not her vocation. She was a misplaced Katharine Cornell, a Vivien Leigh on the wrong tack. Aimee Semple McPherson might have been Canada's first great contribution to the legitimate stage. But in the circumstances of her upbringing she was denied her chance.

She probably realized this in 1944 when she took an overdose of sleeping tablets and died.

Her story begins late in the Eighties when James Kennedy, an elderly, widowed farmer, and a strict Methodist by conviction, married a second time. His bride was a young Salvation Army lass, younger than any of Kennedy's children by his first marriage. In 1890 this oddly matched pair produced a child who was christened Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy. Her parents and her schoolmates in Dereham Township, Ont., called her Betty. But she always preferred Aimee.

Her mother, Minnie Kennedy, always known later as Ma, had already weared of life down on the farm. "Not enough people," she used to say. By the time Aimee was three weeks old Ma's hankering for the old Salvation Army days was irresistible. So she took the newborn babe five miles in a buggy, through November winds, to an Ingersoll meeting. Aimee's Aunt Maria said bitterly, "You'll kill that child! Anybody who doesn't know how to take care of a baby better than that shouldn't have one." But Ma Kennedy ignored her and took the baby to Army meetings several times a week.

According to Aimee's autobiography she was "promoted to the platform" at the age of six weeks and her voice was added enthusiastically to the services. "It was the hour," she says, "for which my mother had longed and prayed, the hour when she consecrated this visible answer to prayer, her little daughter, to the service of the Lord." Ma Kennedy was now back in her old Salvation Army rank of sergeant-major.

By cutter, by buggy, and on the handle bars of her mother's bike, Aimee went to Salvation Army meetings for the next sixteen years. At her first school she was teased because of the Army. But such was her personality that within a week Aimee had made a drum out of a cheese box, a banner out of a red table cloth, and playing Army had become the favorite schoolyard game.

When she was about ten she bloomed as an elocutionist. She was an excellent mimic and had a repertoire of humorous

Irish poems. Her father proudly displayed her talents at the local Methodist church. Immediately she was in demand for miles around to entertain the chapel congregations at oyster suppers, strawberry festivals and Christmas parties. "They would laugh and clap until the tears rolled down their faces," wrote Aimee. Ma Kennedy would ask the audience please to listen to one of Aimee's sacred numbers. But they nearly always insisted on "something comic."

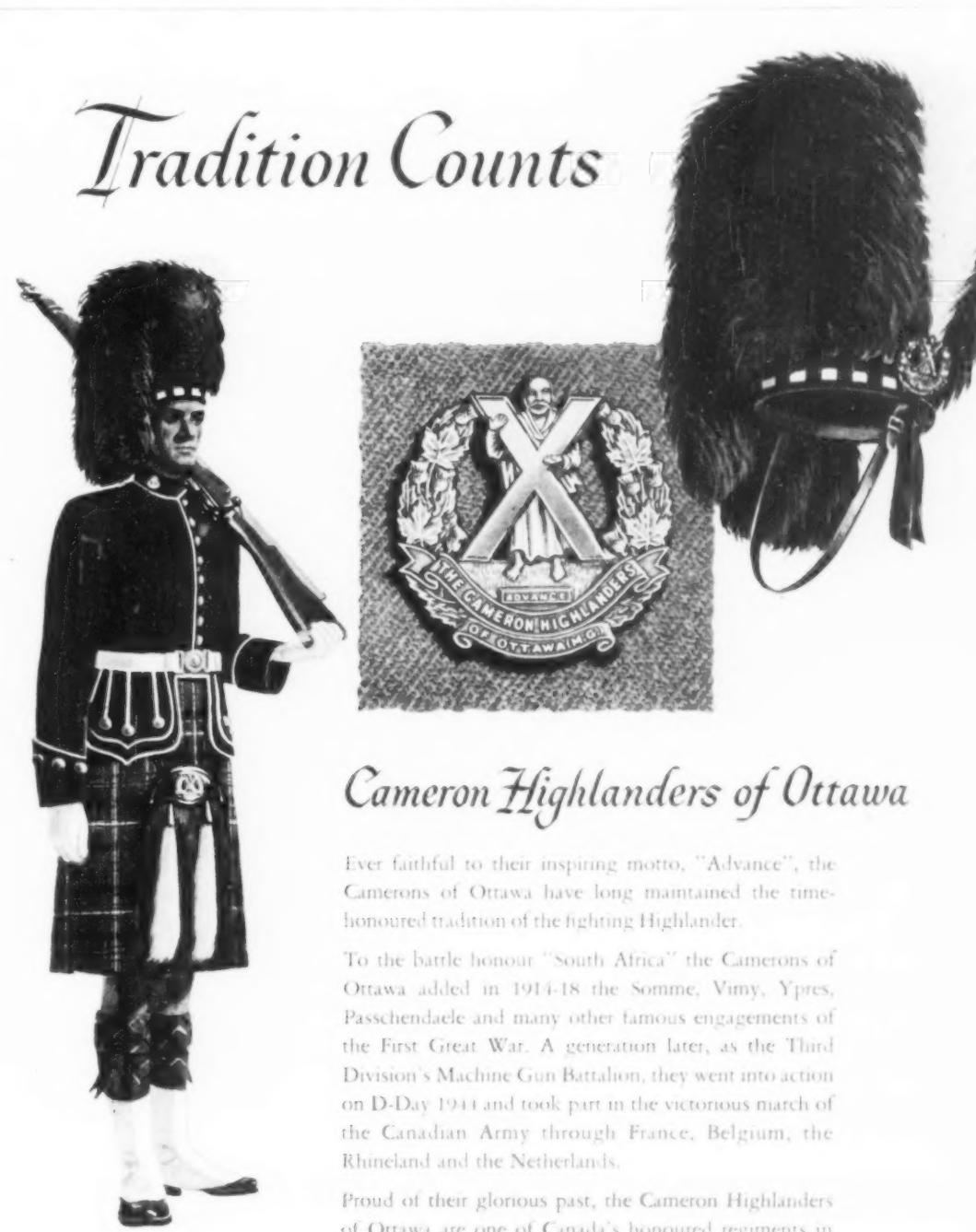
In high school, at Ingersoll Collegiate, Aimee was the star of the dramatic

society. She won a gold medal. In 1907 she was awarded first prize in a local personality contest—a trip to Quebec City. "The applause of the people," she wrote, "was very alluring," and with other girls she talked of going on the stage. Ma Kennedy opposed these plans bitterly and mother-and-daughter relationship became volcanic. It swung, with fierce speed and startling frequency, from angry recriminations to tearful reconciliations.

Like other high-school girls Aimee started going to the movies, skating in

fancy-dress carnivals, and reading paper-backed novels which she kept hidden in her desk. Meanwhile Ma pursed her vinegary lips. When Aimee wanted to go to the school ball Ma flatly refused permission. There was a painful scene and Aimee coaxed her mother around. She went to the ball, according to her autobiography, "radiantly happy." Her first partner, however, was the local Presbyterian minister. Soon afterwards she was conscience-stricken because "I knew mother was praying alone at home."

In the library she discovered Darwin,



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Voltaire and Tom Paine and agreed with others they had "done their work well." For a while she was engulfed in the "shifting sands of doubt." There must have been big scenes with Ma over this.

The next thing we read in her autobiography is the sigh: "Ah, sin, with what dazzling beauty, with what refinement and velvet dost thou cover thy claws. How alluring are the fair promises with which thou entices the feet of youth."

Suddenly Robert Semple, a bulky, six-foot, clarion-voiced Ulsterman, steaming in his native tweeds, thundered down the main street of Ingersoll. He was an itinerant preacher and his unruly forelock set all the girls aflutter. Taking his stand in the Pentecostal Tabernacle he summoned the wayward to account. From the spiritual heights of the Salvation Army, Ma looked down with a curling lip on the more emotional Pentecostals and when she heard that Aimee was going to hear Semple regularly she said: "Just you wait, my lady. I'll attend to you!"

When Semple converted Aimee from the Army to Pentecost and carried her off as his seventeen-year-old bride most people in Ingersoll thought it was a defeat for Ma. But as things turned out it was a victory. Semple took Aimee on a brief preaching stint in Chicago, then to Ulster, where she met his folks, on to London for more meetings, and finally to China as a missionary's wife. In Hong Kong Semple died of malaria before he had converted a single heathen.

Aimee was now nineteen, penniless and pregnant. But by the afternoon mail on the day of her husband's death a month-old letter arrived from Chicago. It was written by two Pentecostal Sisters who said the Lord had awakened them in the middle of the night saying: "Little Sister Semple is in trouble. Rise immediately and send her sixty dollars." A money order for this sum was enclosed. Aimee said: "Oh Hallelujah!" and was able to pay the funeral expenses.

A month later Aimee was delivered of her daughter, Roberta Star, in the English hospital. Local missionaries chipped in to meet her bill and provide her with a steamship ticket as far as San Francisco. On the ship Aimee played the piano and led the hymns at Sunday services. Passengers who had heard of her plight collected enough to buy her a transcontinental ticket. Aimee was very impressed: "Ladies came tapping along on jeweled heels to mother me," she wrote. "Elijah's ravens were still on the wing. The Lord looks after his own."

"I'm Going to Get a Crowd"

Ma Kennedy was on a visit to New York where she engaged in Salvation Army work. Aimee sought her out there but found the reconciliation incomplete. She fled to Chicago and found shelter with the local Pentecostal brethren. Here her destiny was sealed. She began preaching for her living. Sometimes, she said, she was on the platform until two or three in the morning and this "was beginning to take the bloom from my little Roberta's cheeks." Soon she longed for a home of her own and returned to New York "besieged with a restless loneliness." Her parents had returned to the farm and somewhere she met Harold McPherson, a grocery clerk, and married him. McPherson gave her a good solid home. They had one son, Rolf. Eighteen months after her marriage she once more heard "the trumpet call which brooks no denial." She was missing her audiences too.

One night when McPherson was out

Aimee telegraphed her mother and ran away with the two children. Ma Kennedy met her at Ingersoll and informed her that "everything was settled." She had written to a Pentecostal camp at Kitchener, Ont., and reserved accommodation for Aimee. Soon McPherson divorced her for desertion, complaining of her "wildcat habits" and "dual personality." At Kitchener Aimee often preached until two o'clock in the morning and next day was up early, eagerly awaiting sinners who dropped in on the way to work. When the camp closed she was invited to preach for a while in the Victory Mission, Mount Forest, Ont.

Services were held every night—to the same six people. Aimee was affronted. "These people," she told one of the Sisters, "are preached up. I'm going to get a crowd." She stood on a chair at the street corner, "motionless, rigid, silent, erect, arms lifted to heaven—praying." Curious citizens gathered to see this strange enchanted figure. When the group had reached the desired proportions Aimee snapped

Final Note

You may have the last word
And stress and underscore it.
What bothers me, my dear, are
The thousand words before
it!

—Leonard K. Schiff

open her eyes and shouted "Quick! Follow me!" She ran to the mission with the crowd in hot pursuit. When the last straggler pushed through the door the walls were heaving. "Shut the doors," cried Aimee. "Don't let anybody out." She never lacked a crowd again.

Her congregations wailed, beat their breasts, gave impassioned testimonies and rolled over on the floors. Some of the testimonies, so garbled they were incomprehensible, were said to be in "the tongues," the voices of departed foreign spirits who could only speak Spanish or Hebrew and who had temporarily possessed members of the flock. Aimee would cry: "Fill me, Jesus! Fill me, Jesus! Oh Jesus come and fill me!" Then women would hang onto each other weeping, laughing and shaking, and grown men would kiss each other.

In 1911 Aimee bought the old car, a mildewed tent, a miniature organ, a string of electric lights dipped in colored paint, rolls of red, white and blue bunting, sheaves of U.S. flags and hit the road as a free-lance Messiah. For a few months she slugged around New York state, picking towns where there were Pentecostal brethren, living off gifts of food and offerings. She wrote to Ma of the generosity she encountered wherever she took her little crusade and within a year her mother joined her as business manager. Rolf and Roberta tagged along too.

During World War One Aimee extended her beat down the eastern seaboard from Maine to Florida. In winter they worked south, in summer north. Ma and Aimee slept in the car. Rolf and Roberta slept on camp cots alongside. Over car and cots they erected a tent. Before long they bought other tents to house a small band of regular and irregular female followers and they lived like Amazonian gypsies.

There were nights of battling with wind and water-soaked canvas, swinging sledge hammers with blistered

Continued on page 78

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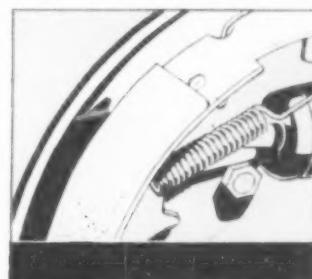
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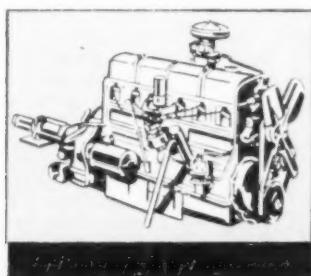
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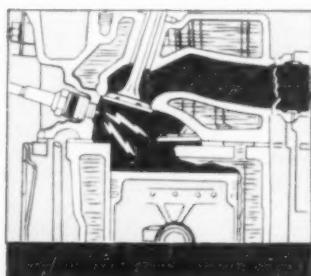
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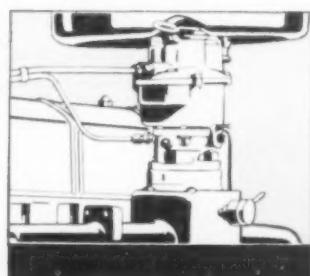
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Continued from page 76

hands, hanging on to guy ropes and ridge poles, their hair streaming, their skirts clinging in the driving rain. There were mornings when they woke to find the tents as stiff as plywood from their frozen breath. In Maine their car radiator froze but a steam roller came along and the driver gave them hot water. (Later Aimee said God had sent the steam roller.) In Florida the car stuck in the mud and only after Aimee and the girls had taken off skirts, petticoats and blouses to tie around the tires was it driven out.

By 1915 Aimee had a female choir and a banjo orchestra in her cavalcade and had to ship her equipment ahead by rail to advance parties who prepared the way with publicity leaflets. She formulated her simple Four Square Gospel creed: 1, The infallibility of the Bible; 2, baptism by water; 3, physical healing; 4, the personal return of Christ.

Aimee now appeared on the platform in crisp white form-fitting gown with a rich blue cloak flung back from her shoulders. Her followers wore clean white uniforms and often the girls wore tin halos.

The old-time hell-and-damnation technique was rejected. Aimee preached joy in the Lord and good fellowship. She invited listeners to "sit back, relax, and have a good time." She attracted neither rich nor poor. Once she said: "I come to bring spiritual consolation to the middle classes, leaving those above to look after themselves and those below to the Salvation Army."

Most of her flock were of puritanical stock who led monotonous arid lives close to the earth. Into the lives of people who denounced the movies, dancing and reading novels as wicked

she brought, under the mask of religion, that for which they were starving—glamour.

During her sermon she made frequent references to the "green handshake." Taking the hand of each worshipper as he left she usually found in her own a dollar bill. At one early meeting she recalls collecting sixty dollars this way. As her fame grew, however, and audiences were too large for individual farewells, the collection box appeared.

Gradually the one-tent outfit matched a three-ring circus in size. She owned several big tops as big as Barnum and Bailey's. But now instead of one-night stands she was holding three- and six-week- seasons. Instead of going into corners for the people they drove from hundreds of miles away to meet her. Aimee's monthly magazine, the Four Square kept followers in touch with her itinerary.

Her own tents, plus those of congregations who encamped on the spot, covered nine or ten acres. Aimee, assisted by girl dressers, changed her costumes six and seven times a day. Relays of supporting preachers held the stage between her appearances. Meetings went on until dawn. Local residents complained to the police of howling, stamping, shouting and singing until far into the night. But the police had enough to cope with in the traffic.

Aimee was now calling her immediate retinue "angels" and her audiences "saints." But labor gangs from the Mexican to the Canadian border who erected tents under Ma's direction found her a tough boss.

"Mother," said Aimee's daughter Roberta one night, "why can't we have a little house somewhere, with a garden and everything, and go to school like the other children do?" It seemed a good idea to Aimee and her heart was set on California, "the land flowing with milk and honey." She headed west. In San Diego, seven thousand automobiles parked the night before she opened a giant meeting in Balboa Park. Next day thirty thousand people came to see her lay hands on scores of crippled who were brought on stretchers to Aimee's rostrum. A few of the afflicted managed to struggle to their feet and as they tottered about the stage Aimee led the throng in cries of "Hallelujah!" in weeping, laughter, dance and song.

At her first meeting in Los Angeles Aimee made it known she wished to settle in "this beautiful city." A woman rose and offered her a lot. A man promised to dig foundations for a house. Another said he'd supply the lumber. One by one dozens of individuals offered materials and labor. Throughout the building of the house Aimee remained on the scene, leading the workers in song. It was a handsome ten-room clapboard residence. Everything was given to her, even the furniture, the rose bushes and the canary. Sometimes Aimee called it Little Grey Home In The West, sometimes The House That God Built.

In 1921 Ma Kennedy paid five thousand dollars down on a lot on Glendale Boulevard, alongside Echo Park, Los Angeles. Aimee's crusades continued. At every meeting the crowds heard of her longing for a permanent church. Dollars showered in. By 1923 a monster building, a fusion of Moslem mosque, Regency palace, Italian villa and Maple Leaf Gardens had risen in the California sun.

Aimee called it the Angelus Temple. It cost a million and a half dollars and seated fifty-three hundred. A radio station, a commissary for gifts of food, a Cradle Roll Chapel where babies could be parked, a Sunday school, a

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Bible college, and a "miracle room" for display of abandoned crutches, trusses and leg braces, were but a few of its features. It was owned by the Echo Park Evangelistic Association Inc., a corporation formed by Aimee's followers. Aimee was president and Ma and her daughter Roberta were appointed to the board of directors. An Ingersoll woman who was taken by Aimee for a long holiday to the Little Grey Home In The West says: "There were many hard-headed businessmen on that board but Aimee and Mrs. Kennedy were more than a match for them."

On opening day "an acre" of acolyte girls, known as Templites, each sporting cosmetics and a permanent wave, each with bouquets of roses and orchids, were in attendance. Silver trumpets flourished when Aimee pulled the strings that unveiled the electrically lit cross which could be seen for fifty miles. Scores of followers got permanent jobs as clerks, maintenance men, ushers and nurses. The payroll was seven thousand dollars a week.

Aimee gave the spectators pageants, picture slides and illustrated sermons. In one of these a "soldier of God" shot down a dirigible which floated in from the wings and, in a flash of flame, out fell a grinning devil, presumably a professional acrobat, to tumble forty feet with a thud to the stage as the spotlight picked up an unfurled American flag and the vast organ bellowed paeans of praise. Another time Aimee, dressed as a cop, delivered a sermon from a motorbike and took for her text: "Stop! You are speeding to ruin!" She used a Bible as big as a baby grand piano.

She couldn't have chosen a better time to open the Angelus Temple. Between 1920 and 1930 a million and a half Middle-Western farmers migrated to the California coast and retired on modest savings. These lonely people couldn't find the multifarious sects of their childhood in Hollywood and, since they rejected popular amusements, time was heavy on their hands. In Aimee they found entertainment that didn't breach their conscience. Through Aimee they met kindred souls.

At the end of her performance Aimee asked the sinners to come forward and repent. Her voice was low, compassionate, matriarchal; the music was melancholy, soft, embracing; the lights were dim, warm, enchanting. As the processions shuffled up the aisles Aimee would shatter the atmosphere by crying: "Turn on the lights! Clear the one-way street for Jesus!" At the lights blazed on and the organ boomed, the meeting would start to jump.

"One man was struck with the Power," Aimee recalled, "and rolled down a flight of stairs. But the others merely gave him a passing glance and went on with their worship."

Aimee's Disappearing Act

In Los Angeles Aimee became a civic institution. She was a spokesman for the community and expressed her views to the Press on topics grave and frivolous. The police and fire departments made her an honorary member. A dozen service clubs listed her as their patron saint. Movie people courted her and she got on well with them. But the adoration of what she called her "heart-hungry multitudes" was not enough to drive this spectacular human dynamo who, at thirty-five, was at the peak of womanhood. Aimee began to get the blues. When she heard the cultivated voice of Kenneth G. Ormiston announcing broadcast services from her radio tower, her ideas turned once again to romance.

Ormiston was a married man and

soon Temple tongues were wagging about the inordinate amount of time Aimee was spending in his office. This was early in 1926 and Ma Kennedy insisted that Aimee take a tour of Europe. Aimee went off dutifully. She rented Albert Hall in London for a Sunday meeting. Her coiffure, and fifty-dollar beauty treatments, pale yellow silk sweaters, short skirts and flesh-colored stockings, startled the British newspapers. They were more startled still when they got pictures of the evangelist frequenting London and Paris night clubs. Whether

Ormiston accompanied Aimee was never established but he was absent from Los Angeles at the same time.

Early in May 1926 when she returned to Los Angeles Aimee had an air of foreboding. She frequently made such remarks as "If I should die soon." Long discussions with Ma Kennedy behind closed doors were reported. On May 18 Aimee went to the beach with her secretary. They were sitting in their swim suits in a small tent. Then Aimee sent her secretary, Emma Schaeffer, on a trivial errand. When Schaeffer returned Aimee had vanished.

By late afternoon the extras were out with the story. Thousands gathered at the Temple for news. With curious conviction Ma Kennedy took the podium and informed them: "Sister is with Jesus. Pray for her."

For thirty-two days the Templites kept vigil on the beach where Aimee was supposed drowned. They built bonfires, wailed and sang. Airplanes swept the water searching for Aimee's body. Divers probed the sea bed and one died from exposure. An ecstatic follower, thinking he saw Aimee's image shimmering on the waves, cried, "I'm



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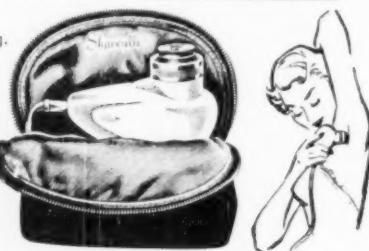
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going after her!" He plunged into the waves and was drowned. A girl committed suicide out of grief. Meanwhile Ma Kennedy collected thirty-six thousand dollars for a memorial to Aimee. The story was a bonanza for the city editors of those California dog days.

On May 27 Ormiston's name was linked with Aimee's in the papers and doubts about her death spread. Ormiston's wife had reported him missing since two weeks after Aimee left for Europe. On May 29 Ormiston, accompanied by a woman, registered at a hotel in San Luis Salinas, Calif. Police and Press gave tongue. The hunt was on. A reporter stopped a car driven by Ormiston, who was accompanied by a woman, on the San Francisco-Los Angeles highway. The car doubled back to San Francisco. The trail led from San Francisco to Nevada, to a ranch in Arizona, and from there across the Mexican border to the Foreign Club at Agua Prieta, where on June 20 two men and a woman were seen acting furtively. The papers were talking openly of Aimee's "love nests."

In the light of evidence given at a subsequent public enquiry it seems reasonably clear that Aimee, with the approval of her mother, planned to disappear with Ormiston. But once Ormiston's name was publicly associated with hers a reappearance became essential. And this was, as usual, dramatic. She stumbled half-clad out of the dark up to the door of a cottage in Agua Prieta and asked for help. She was taken to hospital in Douglas, just across the Arizona border. Reporters filed one hundred thousand words of her story about being kidnaped on the beach by three characters she called Jake, Steve and Rose. Generally the story was read with derision.

Some of Aimee's followers deserted her. Ribald Aimee jokes were circulating. Burlesque comics parodied Aimee on the stage. But she seemed determined to make her kidnaping story stick and kept badgering the police, through the Press, to quit stalling and arrest the crooks. Ormiston appeared momentarily to pronounce Aimee "entirely innocent" of association with him. But on Sept. 17 a criminal complaint was filed charging Aimee with conspiracy to obstruct justice. Every type of crackpot and headline hunter wriggled into the witness box. Evidence of hotel chambermaids and house detectives, however, left no doubt that Aimee had been seen with Ormiston during the period of her supposed kidnaping. On Jan. 27, 1927, after an interminable hearing, District Attorney Keyes inexplicably moved to dismiss the case. Technically Aimee was vindicated.

Aimee went on a "rehabilitation tour" with a lecture entitled "The Story of My Life". There were to be paid admissions. She preached to half-empty halls. She was no longer a miracle worker. She was a notorious woman. Radio contracts were canceled by the dozen. Ma Kennedy, in an attempt to seize power within the Temple, became involved in a series of squabbles with Aimee which leaked out in the newspapers. Aimee fired her from the directors' board. Ma told reporters: "I have disinherited her. Her present associates are full of corruption, deceit and double dealing."

Once more Aimee went to London and took Albert Hall. But now she was just another "crazy American." Rival gospelers from the U.S. reached England ahead of her and warned the people against her. The Rev. W. E. Pietsch told an audience in Hounslow, on the outskirts of London: "Shun her for she will wreck your churches and fill your lunatic asylums. She will leave nothing but broken homes and misery. She is the biggest fraud I know."

"Bishop" Alma White, of the Church of the Pillar of Fire, described her as a sorceress, adding somewhat cryptically "Have you heard of her Upper Room? There is a mystery room in her temple where they mew like cats and bark like dogs."

Fleet Street reporters visiting her at the Hotel Cecil learned from waiters that Aimee drank champagne, ate caviar and entertained on a lavish scale. Aimee said in an interview: "I turn no one away. Jesus was the friend of sinners and publicans. We discuss cocktails, modern habits, sex and clothes." She was open about her visits to night spots in London and Paris. In Glasgow, where she spoke, students adorned her platform with empty beer bottles and hung the walls with whisky posters.

Back in Los Angeles Aimee plunged into a series of shaky business ventures on the eve of the Wall Street crash. These included a cemetery with the price of lots graded according to their proximity with her own projected grave, a summer camp with the slogan Vacation With Aimee and an apartment house. A movie on her life to be called *Clay In The Potter's Hands* kept her occupied for months but it was never finished. She chartered a special liner to carry a pilgrimage under her leadership to the Holy Land. Only a hundred pilgrims turned up. Reporters noted that her once-chestnut hair was now bright gold.

On her return to Los Angeles from the Holy Land at forty it seemed for a moment she was going to make a comeback. Twenty-five thousand Templites scattered roses in her path. Ma Kennedy tipped off reporters that Aimee had had her face lifted and hinted that soon she would "tell all about the kidnaping incident."

Then Aimee met Dave Hutton, a vaudeville artist. He weighed two hundred and forty pounds, a roly-poly man with cherubic cheeks. "Every woman wants a mate," said Aimee, and married him. They went off to honeymoon in her exotic Moorish Castle, a fourteen-room Christmas cake of a place decorated in gold-and-silver leaf. Two days later Hutton was sued for breach of promise by another woman. He went to the hearing without telling Aimee his mission. When he returned that evening he was angrily shouting: "Five thousand dollars!" Aimee learned this was what he had to pay in heart balm. She fainted and fractured her skull on the steps of the castle piazza.

Later she fled to London again. Hutton wired from Los Angeles: "Don't hurry home, baby. Daddy wants a well woman." But Daddy never saw her again. A year later Hutton got a divorce from her and, supported by the blaze of publicity, set off on a vaudeville tour.

Aimee was now involved in a maze of lawsuits. She faced twenty-five actions in the Los Angeles courts for unpaid bills, broken contracts, overdue promissory notes and a dozen other defaults. Several plaintiffs managed to set aside bequests made to Aimee by deceased relatives, claiming the wills were drawn up when the testators were of unsound mind.

In 1936 Aimee fired her daughter Roberta—who had married in 1930 and given up her duties—from the board of directors. Ma Kennedy plunged into print with the charge: "Aimee has done the same to Roberta as she did to me. Ever since Aimee left home at the age of seventeen she has never been able to keep anybody close to her."

But Ma was overlooking Aimee's son, Rolf McPherson. He remained loyal to his mother throughout. Today,



Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

oratory—federal interference of that kind isn't wanted and doesn't help. It will be enough to put up some money, and that detail was well in hand before the campaign was a fortnight old.

Liberals also take comfort from their quite genuine hope of beating the CCF and recovering for Walter Thomson the position of Opposition leader. Premier Frost's election announcement caught the Ontario CCF completely off guard. Ted Jolliffe, Ontario CCF leader, was sure the Princess' visit would dispel any notion Leslie Frost might have had of calling an election this autumn; as a result the party neglected the kind of organization that has to be done long before a campaign really begins. It doesn't necessarily follow that his party will lose any of its present seats, for political machines are not as important as some politicians think, but it's certainly one strike against him. Liberals are confident that Walter Thomson can do well against the CCF, however badly he may do against the Progressive Conservatives.

* * *

No such comfort awaits them in Quebec. No third party exists in any strength except Quebec's peculiar brand of Social Credit, which does take a fair chunk out of the popular vote though it has never scored any real success.

Neither can the Grits take the kind of consolation in the Duplessis regime that they find in Ontario. Leslie Frost may be a personal friend, but Maurice Duplessis is not. He stands for everything a Liberal opposes, and vice versa. Negatively, Liberals cherish some hope that they are gaining a little ground, or rather that Duplessis is losing it.

What breaks the heart of the federal Liberals, though, is their glum conviction that they aren't taking advantage of this situation. However low their faith may be in Walter Thomson, of Ontario, it is even lower in Georges Emile Lapalme, Liberal leader in Quebec.

Ottawa didn't oppose Lapalme at the Quebec Liberal convention that picked him. Indeed, Lapalme was regarded as the Ottawa candidate—he was a backbench MP, he had enlisted the active support of several other backbench MPs, and he came as close to having Ottawa's blessing as anybody. Actually, he doesn't seem to have been very well known here except as a temperamental soul, easily offended and inclined to sulk. But the word went round that Lapalme, normally silent in the House of Commons, was a terrific campaigner on the hustings, a political infighter who could meet Duplessis on common ground.

As Quebec leader Lapalme is still temperamental and easily offended, the other qualities have not been conspicuous. He won't take advice from Ottawa—doesn't ask it, and resents any that may be volunteered.

Ottawa Liberals do hope to win a few more Quebec seats than they have now—the 1948 election very nearly wiped them out, left them with only eight out of ninety-two seats, and this in spite of a fairly strong showing in popular vote. Ottawa is reasonably confident that the law of averages, if nothing else, will give them a little more than they've got, and they hope the advance will be large enough to save the party's face.

Her will showed personal property of only ten thousand dollars, most of which was divided between her children. She left Ma Kennedy ten dollars. In the moment of her departure from this life Aimee may have found some consolation in the memory that not long before she had given her mother a good punch on the nose. ★

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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in the Dec. 1 issue

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forces have offered an unofficial truce to the Liberals: "Let us alone in the provincial elections and we'll stay out of the federal." Whether or not the high brass of the Liberal Party accepts this deal, many a backbencher will do so in his own riding.

Even in the rest of Canada, Liberals have no serious fear that St. Laurent has lost his personal command of the Canadian electorate. It may no longer be true, as it was when he became Prime Minister, that he has no personal enemies at all in federal politics; it is true that he has remarkably few, fewer perhaps than any prime minister in history. Personal relationships in the House of Commons are remarkably cordial.

However St. Laurent will be seventy in February. Even if the party is able to persuade him to run in one more general election his retirement is obviously not far distant. Neither Mike Pearson nor Doug Abbott, the leading candidates for the succession, can count on the kind of backing St. Laurent has had. Each would have to win his own spurs as a Liberal leader.

That's the kind of situation where provincial strength counts. And no matter where the Liberals look across Canada they can't be entirely happy about their provincial organization.

Alberta is even more hopelessly lost than Quebec and Ontario. Saskatchewan, where the Liberals seemed to be making a comeback last year, now appears to be swinging back to Tommy Douglas and his CCF. British Columbia's shaky coalition might or might not survive another election. Manitoba, probably the healthiest Liberal government west of the lakes, looks stable enough but is certainly not gaining any ground—and Manitoba was the scene of two out of four federal by-election defeats for the Grits last June.

* * *

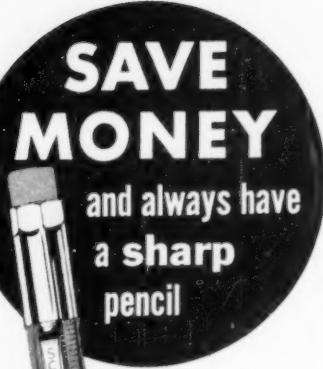
Superficially the Maritimes look as solid as ever, but they're not. In Nova Scotia, for instance, Premier Angus L. Macdonald can have his present job as long as he wants it. Trouble is, he doesn't want it much longer. His friends say Angus L. is tired of it and wants something else—just what, he isn't quite sure, but something. And Angus L. has no effective successor in sight. The younger men who would have competed for the premiership if Angus L. had stayed in federal politics, or if he'd gone to some other field right after the war, have meanwhile lost interest in it.

Walter Jones, of Prince Edward Island, is also bored with being Premier and likely to retire soon to some more comfortable spot. Whether the Progressive Conservatives in either province are equipped to take full advantage of a change is more doubtful, but at least the political weather in the Maritimes is foggy.

Chatting with an Opposition MP not long ago Prime Minister St. Laurent remarked, "The only people in Canada who don't boast of being Canadian are the people of the Maritime provinces."

St. Laurent is a keen observer. It's a fact, has been a fact ever since 1867, that Maritimers feel themselves to a large extent a people apart and a people neglected. Other things being equal, this feeling works against the party in power at Ottawa.

None of this means, of course, that Liberals feel any serious worry about the next election. Indeed, they profess the greatest assurance that they can keep on winning for years yet—it's an article of faith with them that any Liberal at any time could beat George Drew. They're not as complacent as they were a short while ago, that's all. ★



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Sweet Runaways

I think the story, The Runaways (Oct. 1), is the sweetest little love story I have read for many a day. I have read it through many times over and like it better every time.—F. Y. C. Serjeant, Victoria.

We "Slayed" Him

I just want to tell you that I laughed like crazy all the way through your wonderful piece of humor, How to Slay Them with Small Talk (Sept. 1). It is one of the funniest things I have read in many a small-talking moon. What is most commendable about it is that the editor himself wrote it and must obviously be a great guy.—Peter Aykroyd, Edmonton.

Editor Ralph Allen passes the praise to writer Robert Thomas Allen (no relation).

• Robert Thomas Allen's article in the Sept. 1 issue is a gem. May we have more of his?—Reginald M. Andrews, Shubenacadie, N.S.

At Black's Harbor

Contrary to what Ian Slander says in his article, The Fish That Paid For A Town (Aug. 1), there were never any tents or tar paper shacks in Black's Harbor. My father and Uncle Patrick and Lewis Connors built houses for the employees, and these houses are still being lived in. These men were the founders of Black's Harbor and Connors Bros. Ltd. The department store, sawmill, garage and a great many other buildings were there long before the reorganization of the company. The factory was well equipped and is the same factory that is operating now, with a few exceptions. Patrick and Lewis Connors were not forced to fold up as your article stated. Lewis Connors did sell his interest, but Patrick Connors retained his interest, and some of my sisters still retain their share of stock. Connors Bros. Ltd. name and brands of their products were well established all over Canada and in several other countries long before the reorganization and in World War I several thousands of cases were shipped to the armed forces overseas.—Margaret Knowles, Marblehead, Mass.

Fresh Tobacco Town

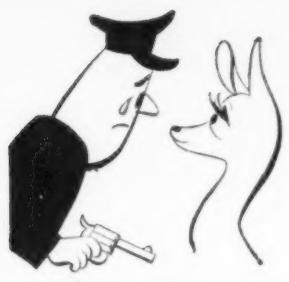
Congratulations to you and Bob Collins on the vivid and comprehensive feature on Delhi in your Sept. 15 issue. It is written with a freshness of approach which makes the whole town come alive.—Mrs. Jean Sproule, London, Ont.

Laughing Charlottetown

Congratulations to you and Ian Slander on Charlottetown Likes to Laugh (Oct. 1). Let's have a few more "get acquainted" articles like this. However, I'd like Ian to know that Alberta also maintains standard time all year round. This started in 1949, so P. E. I. has company on this point.—K. C. Stewart, Edmonton.

A Page for Sunday

There is something lacking in Maclean's—no page set aside for Sunday reading. As you know so well this old world of ours is in an upset



Those deer eyes!

Doc eyes looked into Irish eyes, and Patrolman Flaherty put away his revolver. He had been ordered to shoot "Stumpy", a pet deer, because her leg was broken. Instead he called a vet, who set "Stumpy's" leg, using aluminum splints.

Aluminum saves human lives, too, in many ways—for instance, at sea with aluminum lifeboats, from fire with aluminum ladders. It saves the lives of forest trees with portable aluminum pumps... and the lives of crops with movable irrigating systems... A versatile metal, aluminum! Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

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condition and man is trying to get it on its feet, but as yet has failed. We are all weak mortals and need a guiding hand from above. Let your valuable paper have a finger in that line.—Miss I. L. Kinlock, Morin Heights, Que.

• There is one way in which you could improve, in my estimation, and that is by having a religious writer contributing in each issue, as none of your writers show a religious tendency.—Edgar A. Pellow, Chapleau, Ont.

Gilmour and His Pipe

Each time the magazine arrives I immediately paste a piece of paper over Maclean's Movies lest someone be psychologically injured by the smug smile and repulsive picture of Clyde Gilmour. Incidentally, has the pipe got the man or the man the pipe? As for his appraisal of movies, we prefer our own critic in the local paper who gives us "straight goods"—not a con-



glomeration of big words used solely to make an impression! All too obvious Gilmour is just a jealous and frustrated would-be actor!—G. Lawrence, Winnipeg.

Baxter's Friends and Foes

Your Maclean's has only one department unworthy of the publication. Why do you continue that London Letter written exclusively by a paid biased partisan critic of the duly elected government. How would you like it if a British non-political journal hired a Canadian member of the Opposition to write continuous cheap jibes at our Government and write whole articles of innuendo and bare hatred of some of our ministers of the crown?—Rev. E. M. Graham, Carievale, Sask.

• Over very many years I have made a point of asking readers of Maclean's their opinion of the London Letter and I have yet to meet the person who did not answer my question with praise and dozens have remarked, "That's the first thing I read on opening the magazine." Can it be jealousy on the part of Mr. Baxter's foes. Long live Mr. Baxter and we raise our arm to you.—Clarence M. Sands, Atlin, B.C.

Funds For The Forum

In an article upon myself in your issue of Oct. 1 the following statement appears: "Few know that for years he has footed the annual deficit sustained by the left-wing review, Canadian Forum." This statement is inaccurate and unfair to the Forum, and for that reason I trust you will publish this correction.

The Canadian Forum is a journal of opinion with only a minute revenue from advertising. Although I do not share many of its views I respect the sincerity and clarity with which they are expressed. In my opinion, it is a most useful "forum" of discussion, and for this reason I am one—and only one—of some 200 readers who contribute to a sustaining fund.—J. S. McLean, Toronto.

Calling Northern Alberta

My age is sixteen and I desire to obtain a male pen-friend in the northern half of Alberta. My interests are farming, sport, anything outdoors.—David Odden, 82 Arunden Drive, South Harrow, Middlesex, England. ★

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it with **utmost confidence** because its single active ingredient is **gentle** to the system it has been used year in and year out by millions of normal people—without ill effect. For the two things you want when you have a headache—**fast** relief and **dependable** relief—use **Aspirin**.

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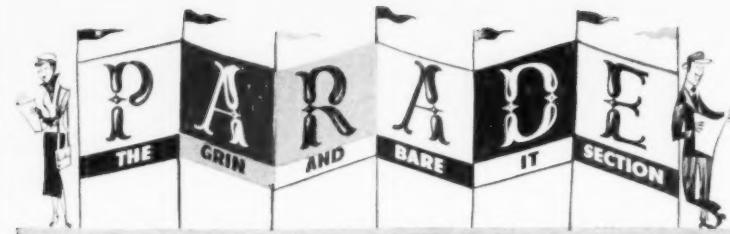
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EVERY DAY MORE WOMEN SAY: "It's Easy for Me!"



A WEALTHY lawyer in Hamilton, Ont., bought a Cadillac convertible and on his first test spin heard a jingling rattle somewhere under the seat. The dealer went over the car thoroughly, decided he'd ironed out the rattle and returned it to the owner. The lawyer drove it home and again heard the rattle. Infuriated, he took it in for a second overhaul. This time the car was practically taken apart and the lawyer was assured the rattle was gone. But it wasn't. Enraged, he stormed into the showroom and demanded that they either fix the rattle or give him back his money. The car was again stripped down and put together; it still rattled.

Finally the chief mechanic remarked that the only things they hadn't taken apart were the seats. He did so. Inside the upholstery and springs of the front seat was a pop bottle. In the bottle was a note. It read: "I bet this cost you plenty of dough, you wealthy so-and-so!"

A young Ottawa matron employed at a day nursery discovered that she was going to have a baby. Afraid of losing her job she decided to keep it secret for a while. She was therefore dismayed when one morning a four-year-old boy sidled up to her and whispered knowingly, "You're going to have a baby, aren't you?"

"What makes you say that?" gasped the teacher.

"Well," he answered, pointing to the third finger of her left hand, "when ladies have two rings on that finger they have babies!"

The wedding was a quiet one in a little church in a small Manitoba town. Everything went smoothly



until the clergyman whispered to the groom, "Salute your bride." The young man, an army veteran, snapped to attention, turned left and executed a smart military salute.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 181 University Ave., Toronto.

A newly married couple in Winnipeg ordered an oil space heater from a local store and discovered after it was delivered that some vital parts were missing. The bride volunteered to tackle the salesman and have the order completed. Confused by a maze of technical heating terms she insisted her husband make out a list of the missing pieces.

At the store she found the salesman and handed him her list. He chuckled, gulped, and turned crimson. Horrified, she snatched the list from his hand and saw written below the missing parts, "I love you."

• • •
Newsmen on a B. C. paper wondered why their old proofreader had suddenly become unusually crotch-



ety. Finally a reporter asked the reason and learned that Old Joe's false teeth were hurting him. "Can't understand it," muttered Joe.

That evening Old Joe told his wife his troubles. "Why, I've suffered all day with mine too!" she exclaimed.

Now they keep their false teeth in separate tumblers.

• • •
Ceremonies celebrating the fifty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of gold in the Yukon were scheduled to take place on the Yukon-Alaska border. They also marked the official opening of the Taylor Highway connecting Whitehorse and Dawson City. The Governor of Alaska and the Commissioner for the Yukon, their staffs, and all the important local citizens were there.

At the last moment officials discovered that each country had assumed that the other would supply the ribbon and scissors so necessary for the opening ceremonies. There was no ribbon, no scissors.

The spirit of the early days is still alive up there. The officials went to a near-by roadhouse which combines the functions of roominghouse, liquor store and gift shop. When they discovered that there was no ribbon for sale at the gift shop the proprietress came to the rescue by donating all her lingerie ribbons.

So the new Taylor Highway was officially opened when the lingerie ribbons, all tied together in one big string, were cut with a hunting knife.



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